

Special Features This Issue

Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium
Christmas Cruise from Hawaii - My 40' Daysailer

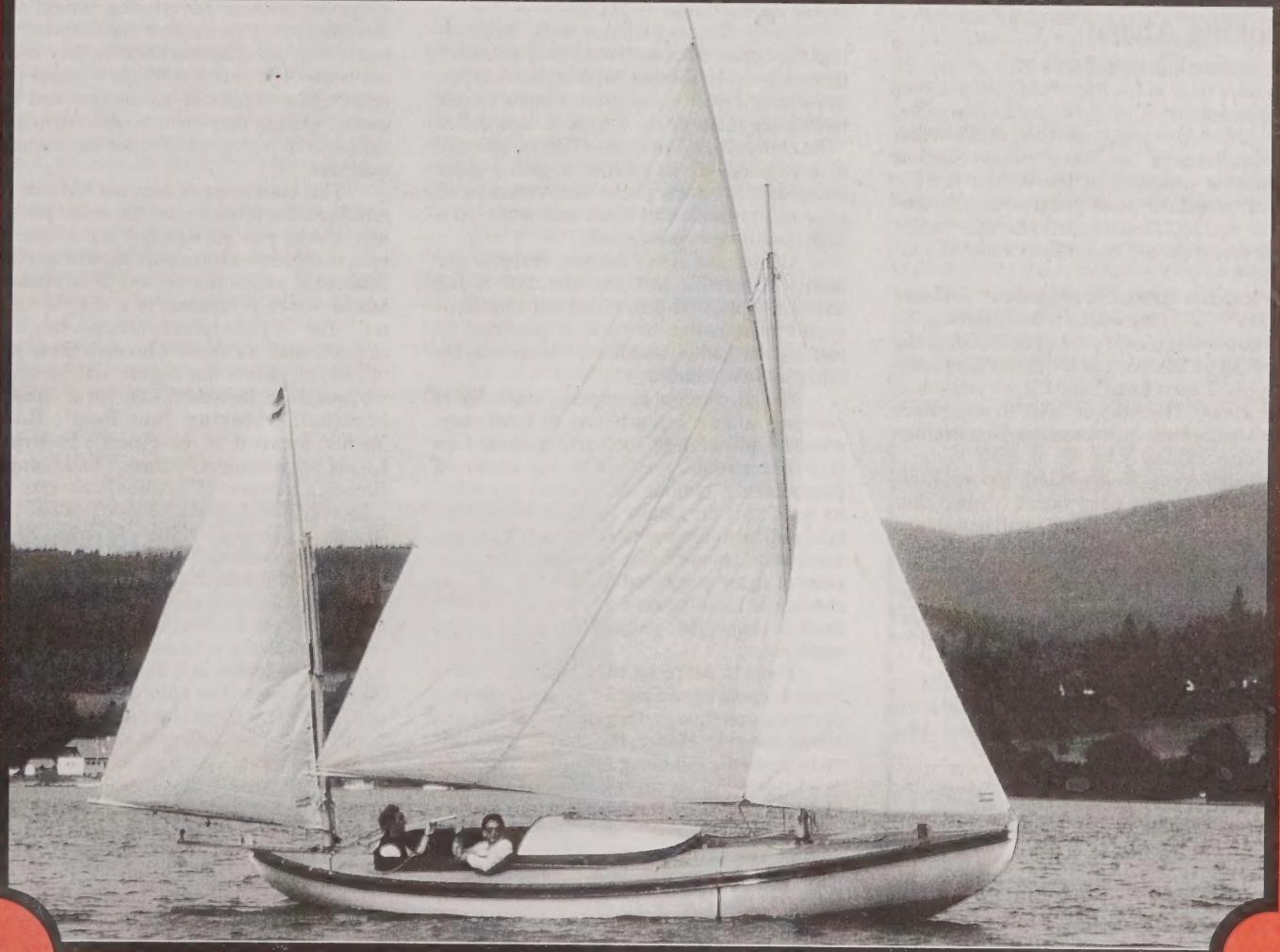
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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 10

October 1, 2000



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Looking Ahead...

Multihull designer Dick Newick recalls a simpler time in his life, "Water Wandering in Denmark" in an 18' lapstrake double ender, first published in *Rudder* in 1956; Robb White tells us all about a "Sea Turtle"; Nancy Sanford reports on progress of the "Pedal for the Planet" round the world pedal powered expedition; and Jeff Douthwaite's tale of a Pacific coast cruise should begin in "Cruise of Flamingo".

Randall Brubaker describes "Redoing Big Sky"; Greg Grundtisch follows through on his Harbor Cat model project by building the real thing in "Harbor Cat II"; Robb White presents his "Latest Boat"; and I'll tell you something about "The Atlantic 2001 Rowing Race Boat" being built by contenders Tom Mailhot and John Zeigler.

Seth Persson Boatbuilders, Jon and Rick, describe their new open ocean rowing class boat, "The Atlantic 17"; and I will have hopefully tried another pedal powered small boat, "The Ozone Hyper 1".

Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" discusses "The Deadly Dance"; and Phil Bolger & Friends will surely have another design for us to view.

Philip Thiel gives us all the details on "How to Build a Wooden Propellor"; and Irwin Schuster offers a up a novel pedal power drive in his "Ischu Drive".

On the Cover...

The gorgeous Albert Strange canoe yacht Wenda is Phil Bolger's contribution in this issue. While Strange designed her long ago, his design plans were lost, so Phil redid her plans for *WoodenBoat* magazine so she could be replicated today.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In the last issue I devoted this column to a discussion about several small magazines that focus on specific aspects of small boating, viewing them, along with us, as a somewhat fragmented way of replacing the lost *Small Boat Journal* for which many of you yearn. This sort of fragmentation of the subject of boats and boating into ever more numerous, more narrowly defined "niche" publications has come about with today's relatively easy requirements for publishing "little" magazines, chiefly due to what is called "desktop publishing".

I receive, via exchange subscriptions, two other niche publications devoted to boating that fall just a bit beyond our usual sort of material, in that they focus on using boats just a bit larger than what I have concluded are small boats. Essentially these two magazines cater to people who own boats large enough to live on and cruise in.

Living Aboard goes way back, their current September/October issue (they publish 6 times a year) is Volume 27, Number 5. It has transformed over those years from a simple newsletter for a group I believe was called "The Homefloat Association" (close enough) to a commercial magazine. A glossy color cover with full color photo wraps round a 40 page inside printed in black and white on a high quality newsprint stock.

The subject is self evident, and it is primarily concerned with the life style living onboard boats, both power and sail. One finds useful information, much of it provided by readers, and gathers that many liveaboards are fairly affluent retirees.

Not all, though, an ongoing topic that is currently aflame again is that of local communities prohibiting such living aboard on their waterfronts, the "not in my backyard (waterfront!)" outlook that plagues any activity not fitting the locally accepted norm. Certainly affluent retirees have not acted in such ways as to provoke this response. The presence of those perceived as "boat bums" anchoring or mooring on a community's waterfront is suspected, judging from the public opposition.

There's more to this magazine than housekeeping advice and advocacy in the face of opposition though, they do look at this as a whole lifestyle. Hence, the current issue lists on its cover the following feature stories: "Life as a Liveaboard Teenager"; How to Cope with Onboard Clutter"; "Buying a Boat - What Surveys Don't Tell You"; and "Redefining the Golden Years" (those retirees I mention). The lead story, however (judging from its larger type size and bold color print), is, "Laundry in Paradise...Finding Romance in a Domestic Duty".

If you are at all contemplating moving aboard a boat to live you certainly will find this magazine a very useful source of information, best read for a while before you make the move. Could save you from making a big mistake, or hopefully help you realize your dream of living on a boat.

(*Living Aboard*, 5321 Industrial Oaks Blvd., Ste. 128, Austin, TX 78735, (512) 892-4446, <info@livingaboard.com>, \$18/yr for 6 issues)

Good Old Boat is a newcomer, the September/October issue (they too publish 6 times a year) is issue #14. They have come a long way from their initial effort to reach out to those who own all the thousands of perfectly good fiberglass cruising sailboats built since the '60s and still out there on the water. Karen Larsen and Jerry Powlas certainly went off into the deep end, offering a full glossy, full color magazine without advertising, aimed at all those left out of the modern mainstream cruising/sailing publications because they owned old boats. The stiff \$39.95 for 6 issues price reflects the expensive production and high quality writing they provide. Advertising has appeared as reality set in about the magazine business.

This current issue does not have its featured articles printed over the cover photo, a nice touch, you get to enjoy the whole picture, in this case a broadside view of an Allied Seabreeze under sail owned by a reader in Maine which is featured in a story about its refit. The 76 page issue is chock-a-block full of good stuff for those who own these good old boats. Here's the feature articles index: "Westsail 32 Review"; Oh, for a Cruising Multihull"; Moving Your Boat"; Boeier Yachts, Survival of the Fittest"; Festival of Lights"; Speaking of Pictures"; Sail Camping Bliss in a Newport 16"; Allied Seabreeze 35"; Winning Thunderbirds"; Wooden Boat Construction"; Through Hulls"; ComPac 23 Refit"; Quick & Easy Projects". Lots of color photos, established writers like Lin Pardey and Ted Brewer, nice open, easy to read layout.

In the off months, subscribers receive a sort of newsletter (or email if they're online) with reader letters and classified ads. In all quite a package. The publishers state that (in part) "*Good Old Boat* is about creating a community of sailors, offering a resource, keeping our boats afloat, and celebrating older model sailboats." They state that they have doubled in size already. Look into this if good old fiberglass sailboats are your fancy.

Good Old Boats, 7340 Niagara Ln. N., Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655, (763) 420-8923, <karen@goodoldboat.com>, \$39.95/yr for 6 issues)



Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

A Bilge Pumping Oil Spill

On an unusually cool day for late August in southeastern North Carolina, mostly cloudy skies and winds dead calm, Aux 551 was engaged in a routine pollution patrol checking all marinas and harbors on a 25 mile stretch of the Intra Coastal Waterway with special attention to those dispensing fuel.

With the exception of one 6' piece of 6"x 6" timber in mid channel which, thanks to 551's low freeboard, we were able to get on board removing a threat to navigation, the waters were clean and clear. It is encouraging to note how little trash and plastic we find compared to just a few years ago.

We saved Bradley Creek until last. It is a channel of approximately two miles leading to several marinas with fuel docks for both large and small boats. We entered at idle speed in of the few sunny spells of the afternoon. All waters clean and clear. Just before we reached the head of the channel, we were passed by a large (38'?) vessel outbound. Other than giving her plenty of room in the channel, we took no particular notice of her. We should have.

Soon after on our outbound course down the channel we hit two small but significant oil spills, each some 3' wide and 60' to 75' long, separated by about 30 yards. They had not been there fifteen minutes earlier when we entered the inlet so the obvious conclusion was that the outbound large boat had decided to pump her bilge, dumping the resulting oil on the water. This was not a large spill

and would do little damage to the environment but it could easily have been prevented.

On my way to the boat that morning, I stopped by my favorite marine dealer to leave a poster on the next Auxiliary safe boating course and to check on two products new to me that I heard about in a recent meeting. One, which could have prevented the spill just described, has been on the market for some time. It is a "bilge pillow", sold under several trade names. It absorbs oil but not water, so when a vessel pumps its bilges only water goes over the side. The "pillow" can be squeezed out and used again. I only wish I had known about it when I had an inboard some ten years ago.

The second product is known by many as a "diaper". It is a square of special material which, when dropped on top of a gas or oil spill, absorbs the petroleum before it has a chance to sink and do environmental damage. It's ideal for the small gas spills at the fuel docks which do so much more damage than most of us realize. Aux 551 now carries several of these on board though they could not have coped with the oil spill we came across today.

The principle, as I understand it, is that both these products are made of plastics which attract other petroleum products but resist water. Both are reusable and inexpensive. They can make a real difference to the waters on which our grandchildren will do their boating.

Think about them and see your favorite marine dealer.

Those "Little" Gas Spills

In my corner of the country, as in most areas, the threat of major gas/oil spills has been vastly reduced. It is, of course, always possible that fuel will be spilled from a ship collision or an enormous tank will spring a leak that goes undetected for long periods of time, but, surprisingly, the major pollution on our waterways is not coming from the obvious "big" sources but from hundreds of small boat-ers.

What happens is this: Mr. Boater fills his gas tank at his favorite marina. Either he is not paying close attention or, and this still happens, the gas nozzle does not have an automatic pressure shut off. In any case, a small quantity of fuel is spilled into the water, often not enough to cause any noticeable sheen on the surface. Unaware or unconcerned, Mr. Boater caps his tank and gets underway leaving behind significant pollution. Some of the gas will evaporate more or less harmlessly, but some of it will sink to the bottom. It is out of sight, but it has not disappeared. Tides and currents carry it away from the gas dock. Eventually, it settles and destroys whatever marine life may have been there.

There is a very simple way to prevent this subtle but significant pollution. In my boat I carry a square of extremely absorbent cloth. Whenever I refuel, that cloth is held under the overflow vent. Careful as I try to be, there is sometimes a little gas that seeps from that vent, to be absorbed by the cloth which, when fueling is over, is left to dry out with the gas evaporating harmlessly.

I was extremely pleased, stopping at a different marina one day, to find that they had such cloths on the fuel dock and passed one out to each boater along with the fuel hose. They are doing their part to stop pollution. Are you doing yours?

Not so long ago it was accepted practice to pour liquid soap such as Dawn on a small gas spill. As it turns out, that was the worse thing we could do as the soap promptly takes all the spilled fuel straight to the bottom. Today the soap treatment is not only unwise, it is illegal.

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REPORT OIL SPILLS TO THE NATIONAL RESPONSE CENTER
1-800-424-8802

Reader James Broten of St. Paul, Minnesota, originally called my attention to this book as a potential candidate for serialization this coming winter. He said that he enjoyed it so much that he read it through twice, and felt it would appeal to readers of this magazine.

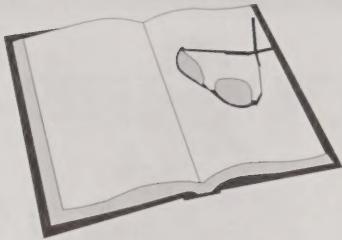
The author's name, Eric Sevareid, may sound familiar to anyone who lived through World War II listening to the radio news, for he was one of the top radio commentator/reporters of that vast conflict. Sevareid died in 1992 after a distinguished career in radio and television news, as well as being the author of several books.

He wrote this particular book, however, at age 18 in 1931, a year after living the adventure that it chronicles as a 17 year old. Originally it was written as a diary that formed the basis for a series of articles for his home town newspaper, the *Minneapolis Star*, payment for which formed the financial underpinnings enabling two youths to embark on so ambitious an adventure.

The book was republished in 1968 by Sevareid and is still copyright protected today, so reprinting it in our little magazine was beyond our resources. Reader Broten sent me a copy of the current edition republished by his local Minnesota Historical Society, and I sat down to read the 201 page paperback to see what he saw in it. Well, it truly grabbed me and I read it in one evening.

The author's note in the 1968 edition sums up what the book is all about:

"This brief book was written when I was eighteen years old. It is about a canoe voyage



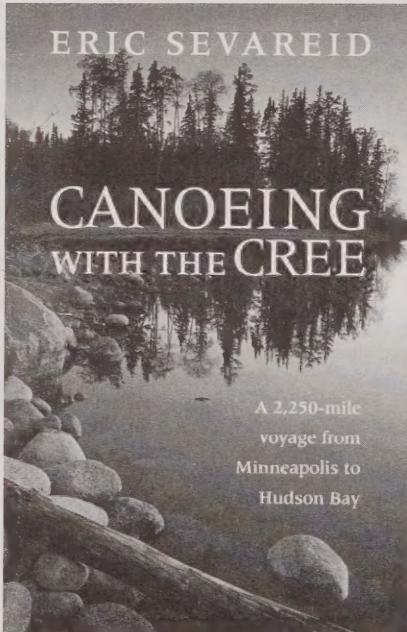
Book Review

Canoing With the Cree

(ISSN 0-87351-152-2)

By Eric Sevareid
Minnesota Historical Society Press

\$12.95 at the Museum Store
Minnesota Historical Society
Minnesota History Center
345 W. Kellogg Blvd.
St. Paul, MN 55102



Reviewed by Bob Hicks

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to Hudson Bay, via the Minnesota River, the Red River, Lake Winnipeg and subsequent connecting rivers through the Canadian wilderness that led to the Hudson Bay Company post in York Factory on Hudson Bay. That neither had ever seriously canoed did not stop the onrush of enthusiasm, and so they learned how to carry out a major expedition as they went.

To finance the trip, Sevareid, who had been a high school yearbook editor, finally persuaded the editor of the *Minneapolis Star* to advance him \$50 for equipment and supplies, in return for which the paper would get his periodic reports. Like every other adult who had reason to know about the boys' plans, he was dismissive and discouraging about their prospects. But he finally bought the idea.

Driven not only by their zest for an adventure, but now by a public commitment to succeed that they could not disappoint, the two set out on an odyssey of unremitting self-reliant effort. The rivers that provided their highway ranged from shallow mudflats and swampy mazes, through major fast running serious white water. They pressed on through it all from summer into the onset of the northern winter, learning how to run the white water as they reached it, retracing their route when lost in swampy mazes.

They were befriended as they pressed on, increasingly taken seriously the further they got. Only on Lake Winnipeg did they accept outside assistance. With the short summer of the Canadian north already at an end, and autumn winds blasting across the huge lake, part-way along its eastern shore they loaded their canoe onto the local steamboat serving the scattered small communities to get to the final series of remote rivers leading through a true wilderness to Hudson Bay.

It was along this final stretch of nearly 300 miles over little used wilderness rivers that sometimes misled them as to the right choices, that "the terrible last days" Sevareid mentions came to pass. It was perilously close to freeze up time, they were alone and cold, it rained and sleeted most of the time, and they seldom saw anyone else, only local Cree Indians gave them the occasional help and encouragement that kept them going. They HAD to get themselves to the railhead at York Factory, nobody was going to come for them, they had no communication with the outside world at all.

That they made it was testimony to the vigor of youth, to courage and refusal to give up. By the time they arrived at York Factory, raggedy, frozen, and starving, they were anxiously awaited by the men who lived and worked in that country and really understood what these two youths were up against. Gone were the dismissive wave-offs of the adult world for a crazy kids' notion, replaced by a genuine respect for what these two youths had achieved.

That Sevareid wrote all this at age 18 makes it so engrossing and credible a narrative that the reader won't want to put it down. Simple, straightforward prose, most of it written during the trip itself in his diary and newspaper reports, it reads wonderfully well.

I was born the year that Sevareid lived the adventure of his life. It was still a time when such adventures could be undertaken, the sort that one undertakes on one's own without today's far reaching social safety net that stands ready to pluck the wannabe adventurer from the jaws of trouble.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

MASCF XVIII

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum is hosting the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival XVIII on October 6, 7, and 8. This year's event promises to follow the precedent set by previous Festivals, with workshops, demonstrations, lectures, and plenty of time to enjoy the great folks who make up this event and the boats that they bring.

From Friday through Sunday, the schedule offers a myriad of activities for the whole family, with the emphasis on having fun with the boats and each other. Camping on the Museum grounds is available, and plentiful local accommodations are an option.

MASCF is not a boat show. Participants wishing to sell or buy a boat, are asked to do so discreetly, remembering that the boats at MASCF are intended to be used while at the Museum.

For further information, contact the Museum.

John Ford, Director of Operations, Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels Md 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Georgetown Wooden Boat Exhibit

The Harbor Historical Association of Georgetown, South Carolina and the Goat Island Yacht Club are sponsoring the Georgetown Wooden Boat Exhibit on October 21 to give both visitors and residents an appreciation for Georgetown's maritime history. Georgetown has been a working seaport for more than 250 years, and much of the area's history and culture has been linked to the sea.

Boats will be exhibited on land and in the water. Floating dinghy docks projecting into the Sampit River will be used for water displays. Dock space will be provided for larger vessels as well. Drafts up to seven feet can be accommodated. Space will be provided for commercial and non-commercial exhibits that relate to the maritime theme of the show.

The Wooden Boat Challenge will be held again this year in which two-man boat-building teams compete against each other in constructing identical 12' rowing dories. The competition is open to any accomplished woodworkers but will be limited to fifteen two-man teams. Last year, a new world record was established in Georgetown. The 1999 championship team will be in Georgetown to defend its title.

In addition to the Boat Exhibit and the Challenge, exhibitors of maritime arts, crafts, models, or other related displays are encouraged to register for the show. Exhibits can be commercial or non-commercial. All such exhibits require the submission of photos and preapproval by the Exhibit Jury.

Registration is limited to boats whose main structural strength is derived from wood components. External applications or sheathing of fiberglass, reinforced plastic, etc. are acceptable.

For additional information, contact Jan Lane, P.O. Box 2228 Georgetown, SC 29442, (877) 285-3888 (toll free), (843) 545-0015 (local), or visit our website at www.woodenboatshow.com

Information of Interest...

Magellan Challenge Race a Dead Duck

It now appears that the Magellan Challenge Race (see February 15, 2000 issue) scheduled to start in January, 2002, is a dead duck. Just not enough response. Despite a favorable full page article in *Boating* magazine, which pulled about 2,000 hits on my web site, there was little real interest.

Jim Betts, Point Pleasant Beach, NJ

Pedal-Electric Power

I would like to hear from any readers who may have had practical experience with a hybrid propulsion system that I have been considering for a boat big enough to carry four adults. I see several advantages to combining pedal and electric power.

To do this I would spin an automotive alternator with bicycle pedals and gears. This would power an electric outboard which could also be powered by a 12 volt battery. The choice of power would depend upon the operator's needs or desires. Because the pedal/alternator assembly is connected to the motor by wires its position could be easily adjusted fore and aft for different sized pedalaries and athwartships for when I want to have a passenger beside me.

I have never heard of a system like this so I wonder if it is feasible. If anyone can offer advice, please call or write.

B. T. Shrader, 776 53rd St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 379-3936

Opinions...

Hull Shaped for Sleeping Aboard

Anyone building a rowing boat for trips unknown might well think about the hull shape for sleeping aboard. Purely by chance I found the Whitehall wineglass underbody lines marvelous. A personal preference in rowing-camping trips is to sleep aboard whenever possible.

I also have to comment about the *Gadfly* on page 9 in the August 15 issue. What little gems these squarish motor cruisers are. Think about head behind a drape in the forepeak. Wash basin, foldable over head. Usual small stove and shelves. Quarter berths P & S also acting as cockpit seats. Athwartship stern seat with lifting upholstered top exposing the 4-cycle OB and slop well.

I'll try to exhume best looking sheer line seen. Tom Beard did a great blueprint on the Elco 26 which I'll send on when it surfaces again.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA.

Poets' Corner...

Voice Of The Old Woodie

Our beloved ScuzMum Annie Kolls is a person of great talent and sensitivity. I nominate her poem *Voice Of The Old Woodie* as a pure winner.

Hello, hello.

Are you interested in a friend?

Here amongst these weeds
Growing taller and taller every year
Between my blistered spars

See my grown knees and pretty lines ?

No one remembers how fast I was,
Nor how much the old man loved me.
But with a handy friend and new sail
I could break a few hearts again.

How about it Mister
Are you the one ?

Annie Kolls, *Scuzbum News* Issue 64,
May 2000

Projects...



My Merry Wherry

Your very refreshing publication has, in part, been responsible for inspiring this old salt to build a Merry Wherry kit boat, recently finished and now being rowed gingerly until stability testing is complete. The kit is very well done, the finished boat weighs less than 40 lbs. With the sliding seat rig pictured fitted, she goes like a bullet. For my alternate rig I sit on the bottom using gunwale mounted oarlocks, giving me a more secure feeling.

Chuck Reed, 104 Sweet St., Rockledge, FL 32955

(The 16'3" Merry Wherry kit is offered by Wayland Marine, P.O. Box 4330, Bellingham, WA 98227, (360) 738-8059)

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Newsletter Notes from All Over

Six times a year we publish a two page directory of organizations which offer activities and programs that might be of interest to readers. We suggest that readers looking for a specific activity or organization check the listing and make the appropriate contact to pursue their interest.

Many of these organizations send us their newsletters, and in these are often articles of broader interest than to just their own members. I do not read all of these newsletters in their entirities, but I do scan each to see if there's something that might be useful for me to know. Having found that there usually was such information, I have decided to pass on to you summaries of those items which I think you might find of interest. We'll see how it goes and then decide whether or not to continue. Herewith the initial effort culled from newsletters received during August.

The items we do reprint are edited by us for general readership interest, so locally significant names and details may be omitted.

Long Island Maritime Museum Boat Shop Report

Lots of things are taking shape in our shop. The next raffle boat is being constructed by a team of nine volunteers. She is a beamy little Atkin catboat design, 4'x11-1/2' long, being built as a skiff, featuring an oak keel plank, cedar planks on the sides, oak stem, knee and stern, with a cypress bottom.

The new SS #155 is complete and this young boat will soon set sail on the Great South Bay. Also underway is the restoration of the Museum's SS, *Eight Ball*. Such restoration at the Museum is a tricky business. We want our boats to look as good as they can, but we don't want to obscure their age or history. The bottom is done and now the decks are just about complete. The boat shop staff has stripped and sanded the decks, which are now getting multiple coats of varnish. *Eight Ball* will soon have her floor boards repaired and replaced, where necessary, and her hardware polished. She will be a grand addition to the Small Craft Building.

Alice V is magnificent. The boat shop crew has really worked hard. She received a complete face-lift. Materials are now being collected so that a raised platform can be constructed so Museum visitors will be able to see over her railings.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.

The Mariners' Museum Seafaring Adventures Come to Life

The Mariners' Museum in Newport News, Virginia, is one of the largest and most comprehensive maritime museums in the world, housing a treasure trove of more than 35,000 items inspired by human experiences with the sea. For 69 years, The Mariners' has illustrated the spirit of seafaring adventure, assembling a renowned and strikingly diverse collection of maritime artifacts; figureheads, scrimshaw, hand-crafted ship models, decorative arts, prints, paintings, and small craft from around the world.

The Museum's permanent galleries display treasures like the anchor from the Civil War ironclad *USS Monitor*, Captain John Smith's map of the Chesapeake Bay, and the polar bear figurehead from the vessel of Admiral Richard Byrd on his Antarctic expedition in the 1930s. Centuries of maritime his-

tory are represented in the Museum's collection

The spectacular first-order lighthouse lens from the Cape Charles lighthouse welcomes visitors to the Chesapeake Bay gallery. Thematic exhibit areas interpret the Bay's early history, watermen, shipbuilding and military complexes, navigation, commerce, and recreation. Historical photographs, a working steam engine, fiber-optic maps, videos, and hands-on activities complement the hundreds of maritime artifacts on display.

The Age of Exploration gallery chronicles the developments in shipbuilding, ocean navigation, and cartography that made the voyages of the fifth through eighteenth centuries possible. Ship models, rare books, illustrations, maps, navigational instruments, and other artifacts help bring the gallery to life. A hands-on "Discovery Library" allows visitors to examine reproductions of early navigational instruments and books.

The Crabtree Collection of Miniature Ships is one of the most popular exhibits. From a primitive raft to a Venetian galleass decorated with 359 carved figures, these exquisitely detailed miniature ships depict the evolution of boatbuilding in an unparalleled display of craftsmanship by artist/carver August F. Crabtree.

Other galleries include William Francis Gibbs: Naval Architect, a gallery that highlights the life and career of the designer of the record-setting *SS United States*, World War II Liberty ships, and more than 6,000 naval and commercial vessels; a Small Craft Collection of more than 55 vessels from five continents, including a gondola from Italy, canoes from Africa, and sampans from China and Burma; and the Great Hall of Steam, which offers a visual display of maritime steam engine history.

The Museum's newest permanent exhibition, Defending the Seas, tells the story of the navy's important role in our nation's past, present and future. Each of the exhibition's five sections focuses on an important period in the navy's history while stressing the overriding importance of sea power to our nation's strength.

Complementing the galleries is the film, *Sea Power*, which highlights maritime activity the world over. Through footage shot around the world, this film introduces the broad concept of sea power, the historic and modern importance of the sea in matters of commercial, military, economic, political, artistic, scientific, and social.

The Research Library and Archives house more than 75,000 volumes, 600,000 historic photographs and one million archival items, including the boatbuilding archives of ChrisCraft Industries through the early 1980s.

The Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222, www.mariner.org

The Center For Wooden Boats Thank You, Festival Visitors & Volunteers!

The 24th Annual Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival was again a great success. Not only did we have four days of boats, fun, and, yes, sun, but we dedicated a new addition to our fleet (the sharpie *Colleen Wagner*), announced the establishment of a youth scholarship fund, welcomed a gazillion visitors, and netted almost \$10,000 more than last year. A big thank you to all our exhibitors, vendors, visitors and volunteers for helping make the Festival one of the best ever.

The Festival began with a ceremony announcing the transfer of the Lake Union Naval Reserve Base to the city. The speakers included Mayor Paul Schell and Commanding Officer of the 13th Naval District, Rear Admiral William Marshall III. The 12-acre South Lake Union Park adjoins The Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle's second newest waterfront park.

Through a 15-year process of committee meetings, community meetings, public hearings, a few rancorous campaigns and two ballot initiatives, a special type of park was conceived. It will have a theme of preserving and passing on our maritime heritage. About half the area is planned as a Maritime Heritage Center.

This park is a hope and challenge for our maritime heritage organizations. Together, we must create an educational focus in the park that will be a lasting legacy for our community.

The Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628, www.cwb.org

Maine's First Ship First Voyage

She wasn't floating, but more than 40,000 spectators lining the streets of Bath, Maine, for the 4th of July Parade cheered a 16' plywood mock-up of *Virginia* as she rolled along on her first voyage. Comments by onlookers indicated that our project is already becoming familiar, recognized as, "there's the *Virginia*, that's the boat built at Popham Beach."

Volunteer shipwright Les Smith and project members spent several months of planning and well over a hundred hours of hands-on work to create the 16' model of *Virginia* to catch the shape and spirit of the original vessel. The plan is to use this model as the centerpiece for future outdoor events publicizing programs of Maine's First Ship.

Research & Concept Design

Progress has been slow but steady to date on our work in Great Britain. Our naval architect, Fred Walker, is also designer of *Jeanie Johnston*, a mid-nineteenth century bark used to carry Irish immigrants to Canada and the U.S. Work on that project escalated last December just as we awarded him our contract. But we have begun to get preliminary design information and hope to have initial sketches of the new *Virginia* by early fall.

Virginia's shipwright research continues into Thames River shipbuilding traditions and techniques of the period. A most interesting find was shipbuilder's accounts for a pinnace built in Rye, on England's southeastern coast. Covering the period from October, 1587 to April, 1588, they offer important details about various stages in construction as well as costs for and types of materials for a pinnace of about the same era as *Virginia*.

Virginia Terminology

Writing in 1611-12, William Strachey called *Virginia* a "pretty pinnace". According to the Oxford English Dictionary, "pretty" in those times meant sturdy, stout or skillfully built.

Sir Ferdinando Gorges called *Virginia* a bark, which designated a vessel with two or even three masts, with various combinations of square, lateen and fore-and-aft sails. For cruising the coast, *Virginia* may well have had a simple fore-and-aft sprit rig.

That *Virginia* carried sixteen or more men to Jamestown Colony may mean she was somewhat larger than 30 tons. The standard vessel loading formula was roughly one man for every two tons burden. It could, however, mean, that regardless of her size, she was simply ordered to carry that many across the Atlantic.

Maine's First Ship, The Virginia Project, Inc., 28 Ft. Baldwin Rd., Phippsburg, ME 0456-4742

training children and for racing. Optis are simple and easy to sail, but sophisticated enough to be challenging for advanced junior sailors. The boats are used by more experienced young juniors. DBMS has 20 Optis.

The Club 420 is a double-handed sloop used in college, high school, and junior training programs. The boats are almost 14' long and weigh 230lbs. They have a mainsail, jib, and spinnaker, and the crew uses a trapeze. 420s are fast and exciting to sail, yet they are safe because they are self-rescuing in the event of a capsize. The DBMS has developed sails that are smaller for less experienced 420 sailors. DBMS has 20 420s.

The Laser is a 14' single-handed class that is sailed in the Olympics. The boat has a simple unstayed mast, but is fast and challenging to sail. The DBMS fleet is equipped with radial rigs, which have less sail area. Lasers are sailed by older and more experience juniors. DBMS has 6 Lasers.

The Flying Scot is a 19' centerboard sloop that DBMS uses for the Discovery and Great Scot weeks and for the Adult Program. The boats are available for charter to graduates of the Adult Program. Scots are roomy, comfortable, and stable. They easily accommodate an instructor and two or three adults. The DBMS fleet is equipped with a jiffy reef system so that the boats can be sailed in heavy air. Scots have spinnakers and there is a very strong fleet racing on Duxbury Bay. DBMS has 10 Flying Scots.

Community Rowing Program Why Rowing?

Those who have never rowed may not appreciate the sport's physical and aesthetic beauty. Rowing is an activity that exercises not only the entire body, but also one's mind. More than any other sport, it requires precise teamwork, and it is that teamwork which makes the sport so enjoyable in spite of its physical demands. The feeling that comes when rowers are in sync and develop "swing" is what makes rowing special. In addition, rowing is another way to enjoy the beauty of Duxbury Bay, particularly early in the morning when rowing conditions are at their best.

2000 marks the inaugural year of the Community Rowing Program. The school has acquired two open water shells that may be rowed either as fours (four rowers each with one oar) or as quads (four rowers each with two oars). The shells have air tanks, space for lifejackets, and are equipped with pumps. Each boat will accommodate four rowers plus a coxswain. Generally, rowers will take turns as cox. Programs for adults and juniors were scheduled during the spring and summer. Plans for the fall will be developed based upon the response to the spring and summer programs.

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263A, Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555, www.duxbayms.com



The Connecticut River Chapter TSCA

OpSail "OpRows" to Success With JGC & CROPC Support

Nine members of the Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club (TSCA Chapter) represented CROPC on July 14 at the spectacular OpSail 2000CT gathering of ships in New London, Connecticut's harbor in conjunction with TSCA's John Gardner Chapter.

We provided a turnout of our larger club boats, as *Current*, *Freshet*, *Apogee*, and *Perigee*, along with member craft, joined the John Gardner Chapter fleet of the *John Gardner* and *Susan B. Holland* in the choppy six-plus mile row up and down the lower Thames River.

Through OpSail, we hosted a dozen cadets from *Sagres II* of Portugal and *Esmerelda* of Chile, who joined in willingly at oars. Our small craft afforded a fine view of the fleet and the numerous pleasure craft of old, or recent, vintage that were also enjoying the choppy, breezy river.

Additional small craft that joined in included a CROPC Appledore pod; *Atlantic*, a CROPC double; *Delapp 16*, a JG single; a Seabright Skiff JG double; a traditional workboat skiff JG double; and three kayaks, one CROPC single and two JG singles.

The Connecticut River Chapter, TSCA, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343, www.tscas.net/CROPC/

North Carolina Maritime Museum After 25 Years

In 1975, it required extraordinary vision to imagine that the Hampton Mariners Museum, located in a small, dusty shop in quiet Beaufort, North Carolina would twenty-five years later be identified as the "Most Memorable Museum in North Carolina"! Fortunately over the years a number of individuals, foundations, and corporations have shared that vision and applied their considerable time, talents, enthusiasm, and dedication to achieving such distinction.

In this twenty-fifth year the numerous supporters should take note of the progress of the North Carolina Maritime Museum. Looking to the future we urge them to continue their efforts to expand facilities at Roanoke Island and Southport and to support ongoing plans for developing "The Mystic of the South" in Beaufort. Together we stand poised on the threshold of opportunities to expand and improve service to the people of North Carolina and their visitors.

It is with considerable pride that I, having been involved with the museum over these twenty-five years, can reflect on the past and with total confidence know that with the continued dedication on the part of its staff and the Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum we can say, "Happy Birthday and Well Done"!

Dr. John Costlow, President, Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (252) 728-7317

Duxbury Bay Maritime School Sailing Programs: Why Sailing?

Sailing is a sport for a lifetime. Whether it is day sailing, cruising, or racing, sailing has something to offer everyone. For juniors, learning to sail provides an opportunity to develop self-confidence, leadership skills, and sportsmanship. Because sailing is entirely dependent upon the elements, sailors also develop a love and appreciation for the natural environment. Beyond all else, the DBMS sailing programs provide everyone with an opportunity to have fun!

Prams are basic, simple single sail trainers with the same lines and sail plan as the Optimist. Prams are sailed by younger and less experienced sailors. The boats are stable and responsive. Because the sails are small, they are easy to handle. DBMS has 30 Prams.

Optimists are about 8' feet long and weigh 77lbs. They are used worldwide for

3rd Annual Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium

By Gerald MacQuinn



Paul Sprunger's modified garvey, a beautiful boating/fishing special. Paul was first onto the water in the early morning.



Dick White, of Midland, Michigan, built this 18' Abenaki fast cruising canoe of Sitka spruce with ash trim. To its left is the Acorn skiff owned by Lori McQuinn of Saginaw, Michigan.

Russ Hicks, of Eaton Rapids, Michigan, restored this wood/canvas canoe.



As the morning sun crept over the horizon, I knew immediately that the weather for our 3rd Annual Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium was going to be fantastic. It was Saturday, August 19. While the weather gods have been kind to this event in past years, offering up no rain, we had two hot and muggy events. This year's weather proved to be fantastic with low humidity and low 70s temperatures. The site for all three years of the Symposium, the Haithco Recreation Area in Saginaw, Michigan, has a beautiful forty-four acre spring fed lake. The park's great facilities and highway accessibility has proven to be a very successful part of the event.

In the past two years, the word "Symposium" has caused a bit of confusion, resulting in phone calls for information regarding the nature of the event. The formula used to design this event is actually very simple. There's no charge to spectators or vendors and the format is open with very few rules and regulations. This has raised a few eyebrows of those who are use to the conventional boat shows where money and politics tend to rule the day. Since there is no charge for participation, the organizing Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders doesn't control who comes through the gate.

The content of the show is governed by the people who attend, because they are the show! This eliminates the possibility of sponsors controlling content and things becoming political. This also means that no one receives special treatment. The funds received from sponsors simply pay for mailings and advertising. In exchange, the sponsors receive advertising exposure and a chance to do exclusive demonstrations and seminars on their products in an atmosphere where their expertise is well appreciated.

The symposium's only really structured part is the selected seminars for each year's event. We've tried to plan seminars that meet the needs of all boat builders and restorers. This year's proved to be not only interesting but very well attended.

Starting off at 10am with Jim Durke from Gougeon Brothers of Bay City, Michigan, the West System epoxy process was explained in great detail along with a thorough Q&A session. It was a real tribute to Gougeon Brothers, one of the sponsors of the Symposium, that in the spirit of the event, they welcomed the presence of other epoxy companies, inviting a free exchange of information. Everyone came out a winner!

Next came Bill Ryno of Brightwood Boats in Appleton, Wisconsin, who quickly became a crowd favorite with his quick wit and thorough explanation of scarfing, tool blade sharpening and boat fender construction. Bill's simplistic approach to scarfing really opened some eyes about what is normally considered a difficult procedure.

There are probably more questions about varnishing and painting then on any other sub-

ject and Pete Mathews, of Interlux Yacht Finishes, provided a solid foundation of information for that next project. Pete's easygoing manner made everyone comfortable and his knowledge of the subject was just what the doctor ordered.

A Gougeon Brothers 2nd seminar concluded a well-rounded examination of boat restoration and construction.

While the seminars were taking place, Dave Gray of Fishers, Indiana, was nearby demonstrating the construction of his Polysail kits. This process was not only interesting but Dave invited the crowd to participate in the construction and gave away one of his sail kits as a door prize. Meanwhile Dave had allowed his Bolger Skimmer to be used by another event participant, who with a 7-1/2hp outboard was terrorizing the lake, getting up on plane very easily!

This year's symposium was perhaps the most rounded so far with just about every type of craft represented. Builders of several Bolger/Payson designs were in attendance, including Michael Surface of Roanoke, Indiana, with his recently completed, very cool Bolger Brick; Dave Gray with his modified Skimmer and Jerome Lerg and his Bobcat catboat. Jerome, from Casco, Michigan, spent a lot of time out on the lake sailing the sheets off this boat, drawing several comments from the crowd with his sailing abilities.

Al Straub, from Ann Arbor, Michigan, built his El Toro sailor over twenty-five years ago, and was smooth as silk at the controls and really appeared to be enjoying himself. Al also brought his beautiful English Mirror dinghy, a real crowd favorite. Al recently completed a sailing Whitehall, featured in September's *WoodenBoat* magazine, launchings section.

Canoes and kayaks always have a strong showing at this event and this year was no exception, with the best quality I've yet seen. Larry Bordine, from Grand Traverse Boatworks in Traverse City, Michigan, has a real artist's eye when it comes to design and his several kayaks on display were stunning and always the topic of conversation. Several stripper canoes were on hand, of a quality that was simply incredible! These have evolved into an art form at this event with impeccable quality.

Duck boats are really starting to get popular with several on hand this year. Marty and Kate Wieszczeckins of Whiskey River Boat Shop in Bay City, Michigan, were displaying a recently completed Bluebill, one of the Devlin designs that Whiskey River specializes in. Marty also brought a beautiful Devlin Peeper, trimmed out in mahogany. Both of these boats were very well constructed, displaying great epoxy work.

J. Elliott, from St. Clair Shores, Michigan, displayed his finely crafted Pygmy Boats Wherry. This stitch and glue boat was a real crowd favorite and was arguably the most photographed boat in attendance.

Although there were many beautiful boats in attendance, this event isn't just for static displaying. I counted over 15 boats in the water at one time. The weather was perfect for testing those new sails or perfecting the old rowing technique. The park allows us a one-day rule variance to permit gas-powered boats on the lake, allowing several vintage craft with gas engines to enjoy the lake with everyone else.



Don Riggs (at right), is a professional builder operating as The Boat Place in Lansing, Michigan. His lapped ply boats are really nautical appearing, this new 9' tender was gorgeous.



Brad Boerger, from Waterford, Michigan, built this Jim Michalak QC Skiff design.

J. Elliott, of St. Clair Shores, Michigan, built this well done stitch & glue Pygmy Wherry.





J.P Schmucle's father, John, built this stripper rowing shell 10 years ago. The workmanship is fantastic.



Frank Starkweather of Bay City, Michigan, literally pulled this Optimus Pram from a fire and restored it.



Jerome Lerg from Casco, Michigan, sailed the sheets off his Bolger/Payson Bobcat.

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Larry Bordine of Grand Traverse Boatworks in Traverse City, Michigan, builds custom designed boats like this gorgeous kayak as his specialty.

My son, Travis, was giving his girlfriend, Catherine, her first rowing lesson in my wife's Oughtred designed Acorn skiff, and also her first taste of a wooden boat event. They now have plans to build a sailing canoe this winter.

Dick Lape was doing his best imitation of a used boat salesman looking to sell his Montfort designed canoe to a customer paddling it out in the lake.

This event is about people enjoying the hobby of small craft building and restoration and this year's Symposium attracted people from six states and as far away as Quebec. Imagine an elderly gentleman driving all the way from Dorval, Quebec, Canada just to talk boat building! Barend Migchelsen made the trip, and after talking to him about the techniques he teaches and writes about in his boatbuilding books, I fully understood the phrase "Young at Heart". Barend has the energy and enthusiasm of a twenty-year old and made this year's event a memorable one for me.

The Tri-city Amateur Boatbuilders have always considered the typical boat building show awards as a little too overdone. So in a "Let's have fun with this boatbuilding thing" spirit, we gave awards for categories that would not tempt anyone into bragging about his recently awarded trophy. Sort of a tongue and cheek selection. Everyone got a few laughs and a few ribbings afterwards.

The door prize donations were tremendous this year ranging from a low angle block plane to a quart of varnish. Over twenty-five door prizes were donated by the following people: Japan Woodworker; H.H. Dynamite Payson; C-Tech Marine; Interlux Yacht Finishes; Epifanes Finishes; Dave Gray; Dumas Model Boats; Garrett Wade; Barend Migchelsen; Bill Ryno/Brightwood Boats; Detco Coatings; Gougeon Brothers/West System Epoxy; Lee Valley Tools; and Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders.

The highlight of the day was the drawing of the winning ticket for the Cajun Pirogue built by the Tri-City Amateur Boatbuilders. All raffle ticket sales were donated to a local childrens' charity. This 16' beauty had been sitting on display at the local Barnes & Nobles Bookstore, always drawing a crowd. Uncle John's Country Store in Sulphur, Louisiana, donated the kit to build this craft while Gougeon Brothers of Bay City, Michigan, & Sunburst Marine in Gaylord, Michigan, were responsible for epoxy and wood donations. The winning ticket holder was Mary Jane Morin from Bay City, Michigan. Her husband Don, a boat builder himself, wasted no time in getting the boat wet, asking for help to carry the boat, and headed for the lake.

In conclusion, this year's Great Lakes Small Craft Symposium was a rousing success with some 74 boats in attendance. This is our best year yet in attendance and with other boat events showing declines in attendance, we feel honored to host such an event. Of course if we have people coming to our event like those who came this year, it will always be a success.

Ring's Island River Race

By Tim O'Brien

On a recent Friday evening while relaxing aboard my river houseboat *Shoebox* at her mooring in Amesbury, Mass., I noticed a yellow fisherman's dory approaching. A tall woman was rowing with two youngsters onboard. She looked familiar, and told me, "Yes, I visited *Shoebox* with my husband five years ago when you were anchored above the Rocks Village bridge. It was before you had a motor and were drifting down the river." Her name, she reminded me, was Alice Twombly. She told me the Ring's Island Rowing Club would hold its annual Merrimack River Race starting about 9am Saturday morning. Sure enough, some dories arrived that evening, the rest gathered in the morning at the Amesbury boat ramp next to Larry's Marina.

I went over about 0830 to see the boats and say hello, then got my little houseboat underway to watch the start. Eight boats were put in the water. Quite a varied lot ranging from three full sized, double banked dories, (two yellow and one red with a white gunwale), a small lightweight dory, (also yellow), one slender single scull (rowed by the tallest rorer I've seen in years), two beautifully built guideboats, both finished bright, one double ended like a Rangely boat and one with a small transom, and finally a sailing dinghy rigged to row.

I watched the preparations from a point near the ramp and then moved *Shoebox* to join them all near the starting line just west of red buoy #34. Managing the start from a small inflatable committee boat was Alice Twombly, a mainspring of the Ring's Island Rowing Club. They were off and running, or I should say rowing, about 0920. The boats spread out quickly with the single scull taking an early lead and a very determined dinghy rorer bringing up the rear. The Amesbury Harbormaster in his big gray inflatable stayed with the group down through the bridges and past Eagle Island.

Shoebox and I posed no threat idling along well behind the fleet. With the benefit of the last of the ebb current we were cruising about as fast as a tired man could walk. *Shoebox* took the main river channel west of both Carr and Ram Islands while, I believe, most of the rowers went east of these islands. When I got down near Newburyport, some boats were already past the Route 1 bridge while others were still clearing Ram Island, all still rowing strongly.

I was heading for the Market Place boat basin in Newburyport when Chet Twombly came back in the little grey Zodiac to invite me to join them all at their club house, an invitation I gladly accepted. *Shoebox* followed its host into a float on the Salisbury side just north of buoy #22. Chet cleared it with the harbormaster and I tied up in behind where the marine patrol moors. To one side of the pier there's a crushed stone launching ramp where the boats that raced were being hauled out. Once that was finished, all hands repaired to the club house just around the corner on Fourth Street for coffee, soft drinks and bagels, where plenty of conversation and good fellowship prevailed.



Gathering at the Amesbury ramp.

Talking with Chet Twombly, I learned that in addition to his rowing club activities he had been much involved in sailing the big, 85 year old, ketch *Misty Isles* up to Newburyport from Key West, Florida. This I imagine was quite an adventure for his young volunteer crew.

I met lots of fine folks and many of their kids who were all having a great time together. Here is a group of adults clearly dedicated to the welfare and training of the youth of their

community, an effort we should all applaud and support. I much enjoyed their company and learned a few things. So my encounter with the Twomblys and their friends at the Ring's Island Rowing Club made my weekend afloat a memorable one.

Any reader interested in learning more about the Ring's Island Rowing Club should contact Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.

Two club dories, a traditional Banks (left) and a Gloucester Gull.



A converted firehouse provides club members with a gathering place with room inside for building and maintaining their boats.





Leaving the island of Kauai enroute to Port Angeles.

Christmas Cruise From Hawaii

By Richard Ellers

In the north Pacific, latitude 46 degrees 16 minutes north, longitude 139 degrees 54 minutes west. Hanging onto the wheel of the two-masted tall ship *Californian* as she plowed the heavy seas of a gale last June, I sent a thought wave home to my wife, a message that her promise had come true. I was on this Hawaii-to-Washington sailing trip that Martha had given me as a Christmas present. At first, I'd resisted because of the expense of the passage, including the airline tickets. Then she'd entrapped me by stating the obvious, "This is the adventure of a lifetime for you."

As one of three working passengers aboard *Californian*, I was on late night watch, taking my turn at the helm, with Chief Mate Rinn Wright on one side and seaman/engineer Drew Kauffman on the other. Under the dim night sky, the wind shrieked through the rigging as the ship pitched and rolled. The heavy winds were welcome after several days of light to no winds, days and nights of cruising under engine power, with and without the help of the schooner's sails.

Despite *Californian*'s gyrations in the heaving ocean, I felt confident in my steering, but was happy to have Rinn and Drew close at hand in case I got into trouble (we used first names aboard *Californian*; living in tight quarters leaves little room for titles and surnames). Watching the red-lighted compass through my rain-blurred bifocals, I couldn't see it clearly enough to read degree numbers, but enough to see the fancy cardinal points to steer by. I was cold, wet, short of sleep and loving every minute.

My exhilaration was reinforced by Drew. In the scant light, I could make out unabashed joy on his face; he grinned through the rain which cascaded off his black sou'wester hat and spangled his mustache. "Alrrrrriiiighttt," Drew proclaimed. "This is what we're here for. This is what it's all about." Although we

passengers were greenhorns to ocean sailing, it was great to know that we had this in common with *Californian*'s paid hands; we were here for the thrilling experience of traditional sailing.

In the strong, surging winds, a thousand miles from everywhere, *Californian* was making a steady 8 to 9 knots through the gale. The wind was so strong, we'd struck all but three of the ship's seven sails, and two of them were deep-reefed: shortened, that is, by more than two-thirds. Rinn had calculated the winds at Force 8, a gale was sweeping us at 40 miles an hour, driving the rain almost horizontally. Pushed by the winds, the seas were running 10', and there were cross currents born of other, distant storms.

Standing my hour watch at the wheel in the open cockpit, I pushed and pulled the wood spokes while *Californian* rolled 40 degrees from side to side, pounding down one wave, then climbing the next and the next and the next. Our foul weather gear kept the steady rain out, except, of course, for our faces, and except for the feet of the one of us (me) who hadn't packed boots. I was using the wheel to aim the ship, at the same time clutching it to keep my footing on the rain slick deck. Exhilarating is what it was.

We were ten days out of Kauai, Hawaii, bound for Port Angeles, Washington, in Puget Sound, west of Seattle. *Californian* was sailing around the clock with a crew of 13, including the three of us paying passengers who got to serve alternately as cadets and deck hands. For 18 days, we enjoyed the rigorous lives of 19th century sailors. I felt a link with the sailors of a hundred years ago as we hand-hauled the ship's lines, scrubbed the decks, and lived elbow-to-elbow with our mates.

One night at the wheel, when I thought of the men who spent their lives aboard schooners and clippers, I couldn't escape the idea

of being a seagoing dilettante. No matter how rigorous these days might be on *Californian*, this was a vacation. I knew I wouldn't be spending the rest of my days here. I smiled as I wondered what the grizzled seamen of yesteryear would think of someone paying to be a crewman.

I was sure they'd be jealous of *Californian*'s gear: Running fresh and salt water, electric lights, food freezer, a wall of electronics, VHF and shortwave radios, Loran, radar, even satellite navigation and, yes, a weather fax machine. Coast Guard regulations required the electronics, as well as life rafts with outboard motors; more than enough life preservers, and several of the floating, electronic man-overboard transmitters that can be tracked by satellite. And, *Californian* has a 100hp engine to move us when there was no wind.

I'd become an avid sailor in 1984, after Martha and I vacationed on a Maine windjammer, the *Angelique*. We'd gone at the urging of our son, Andy, who had joined *Angelique* as a deck hand a year after graduating from Denison University. Bitten by the sailing bug on *Angelique*, I'd taken sailing lessons and then sailed a progression of larger boats on northern Ohio inland lakes, ending with our 23' pocket cruiser.

No wonder then that my wife knew that the prospect of crewing across the Pacific would be the ultimate challenge and adventure for me. And she knew one part of the fun of the voyage aboard *Californian* was that I'd be sailing again with our son. By this time, he'd become Captain Andy, holder of an all-ocean Coast Guard license, and sailing the west coast as Captain of *Californian*. He would be ending his *Californian* tour with her eight-week fund-raising cruise to and from Hawaii. I mean, you can visit your kids at work, maybe, but how often can you see them do their work, let alone have one as your boss?

Andy, a sail traditionalist like the rest of the paid crew, made no apology for using the engine when he had to, and used it as part of the teaching experience. "In the old sailing days, shipping lived by the weather," he'd explained. "If they ran into doldrums, the crew had no choice but to wait for the wind, which might take weeks. But *Californian* has schedules to meet, she has to be able to move without wind," he said.

Californian was built in 1984 by the Nautical Heritage Foundation to serve as a floating classroom where California's maritime heritage could be kept alive as craft and taught as history to teenagers on 11-day cadet cruises. The ship sails out of Dana Point, California, running cadet cruises, day sails and harbor fests along the coast, mostly in California, but ranging to Mexico and Canada.

She was built as about as true a replica as could be realized, and was designed along the lines of the *C.H. Lawrence*, which came to California in the 1840s as a swift revenue cutter, the first customs ship to serve the West Coast. The ship is 145' long from her stern rail to the tip of her bowsprit, with a wooden hull, and canvas sails spread from wood spars (masts, booms, yardarms and bowsprit).

One modern sailing convenience *Californian* didn't have is a fresh water maker. The very last thing we'd done before leaving Hawaii was to top off our fresh water tank. Until we docked at Port Angeles, there'd be no showers. We could get a small small pitcher

of hot fresh water for shaving, but normal washing was with cold, salt water. And when we got desperate for a body wash, the only choice was to dip a bucket on a rope into the ocean and pour it over ourself. With a 50 degree ocean temperature, you can understand that we showered sparingly.

Armed with a diesel stove and a freezer, our cook, Pierre Cornell, turned our three hot meals a day, with alternate entrees for three vegetarians. We're talking roasts of beef and pork and chicken; spaghetti, tacos, canned and homemade soups and chowder. We were spoiled with home made breads and rolls, pies and nutcakes. Pierre even managed a cake for a crew birthday, coating it with icing, and writing the message with chocolate chips.

The good eats were no surprise to me. Andy had learned in Maine that meals are so recognized as a passenger draw that ships' cooks were always among the highest paid members of a crew. From Morriston, N.J., Pierre had graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in business administration in 1981, then he'd drifted into ship's cooking because, "it takes me places I'd never been; the Caribbean, Bermuda, Hawaii, even the Marshall Islands."

Among the differences between *Californian* and the ships of 150 years ago, is her crew. In the 1800s, the deckhands were poorly educated laborers who learned their skills at sea. In contrast, our *Californian* crew was highly educated; six were college graduates, one with a master's degree. Two others alternate college with sailing. Every one of the crew said they'd been attracted to tall ship sailing by the challenge of helping save old lore and tradition, and by the sense of being close to nature.

Besides crewing and maintaining the ship, all hands serve as the floating academy's faculty, teaching maritime history, seamanship, principles of navigation and more during cadet cruises, and on day sails with the general public. Capt. Andy said teaching is one of the attractions of tall ships, "I like exposing people to sailing, sharing my experiences. And I love answering questions from people who show honest interest."

Despite eight years of sailing, along both U.S. coasts, in the Caribbean and in the Pacific as far as the Marshall Islands, Andy said he is still exhilarated under sail. "At first, the thrill was just the sensation of being at sea," he continued. "Now, the thrill is being in a storm, 1,200 miles out and leading a crew I



Capt. Andy (left) standing by as Dad handles the helm.

know is ready and able to face anything. Very few of these skills are being preserved and passed down the generations," he added, "I enjoy being part of keeping the skills and traditions alive."

During the first night of the gale, I remember that as we talked over the wind, Rinn grinned and slipped into the persona of an 1800s bosun, which was easy role-playing for him, what with his white hair, thick white mustache, and gravelly voice. He gulped from his mug of coffee, wiped his mustache with the back of his hand, then, ignoring that I was 15 years his elder, spoke.

"So lad, the recruiter promised you wond'rous world ports and exotic women, did he?" Rinn rasped. "Well, m'boy, the women, they only give you an evening's pleasure for twenty bucks," he said with a knowing leer. "But the sea. Ah lad, the sea, she gives you these nights and days of thrills, and she's free," he boomed. "She don't charge a bloomin' penny, not red cent, for her favors, and there's none better."

He was right. The sense of being comrades with the ancient mariners was height-

ened by our isolation in the North Pacific. We did not see another ship until our fifteenth day out. As we approached the US northwest coast, our radar showed a blip on the horizon. It was a huge oil tanker that was passing us three miles away. Curious to see a schooner in mid-ocean, the tanker captain called us on marine radio to ask about our voyage, and to offer a navigational fix, if needed.

Our isolation ended two days later when we joined a fleet of assorted ships converging on the Washington coast; and on our final day, we were conspicuous as the only tall ship in the parade of boats chugging down the Strait of Juan de Fuca toward Port Angeles.

Our last duty as *Californian* "cadets" was to stand dockside to greet townsfolk and tourists who came down to see the ship. Many oohed and aahed, some in envy, some absolutely not, as they learned we'd come from Hawaii under sail. Before the spectators arrived, I'd dashed to a nearby pay phone to call home. I had to tell Martha she was right, sailing on the *Californian* was the adventure of my lifetime.

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There is much interest connected with the discovery of the existence of the true crocodile (*C. acutus*) in the Floridian peninsula. While the alligators have broader heads, shorter snouts, and more numerous teeth than the crocodiles, the unscientific hunter can at once identify the true crocodile (*C. acutus*) by two holes in the upper jaw, into which and through which the two principal teeth or tusks of the lower jaw protrude, and can be seen by looking down upon the head of the animal. The longest teeth of the alligator do not thus protrude through the head or snout, but fit into sockets in the upper jaw. I first studied the true crocodile in the island of Cuba, where there are two distinct species of the genus, one of which is our Florida species (*C. acutus*). At that time science was blind to the fact that the true crocodile was a member of the fauna of the United States. At a meeting of the "Boston Society of Natural History," held May 19, 1869, the late comparative anatomist, Dr. Jeffries Wyman, exhibited the head of a crocodile (*C. acutus*) which had been sent him by William H. Hunt, Esq., of Miami River, which stream flows out of the everglades and empties into Key Biscayne Bay, at the south-eastern end of the Floridian peninsula.

A second cranium of the Sharp-nosed Crocodile was afterwards obtained from the same locality, but the honor of killing and recognizing one of these huge monsters belongs to the young and enterprising author of the "Birds of Florida," a work full of original information, the illustrations of which, as well as the setting up of the type, being the work of the author's own hands. I refer to Mr. C. J. Maynard, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, who has furnished me with a graphic description of his meeting with, and the capture of, the crocodile while engaged in his ornithological pursuits during the year 1867. Mr. Maynard says:

"This crocodile is particularly noticeable for its fierceness. I have met with it but once. Three of us were crossing the country which lies between Lake Harney and Indian River, on foot, when we came to a dense swamp. As we were passing through it we discovered a huge reptile, which resembled an alligator, lying in a stream just to the right of our path. He was apparently asleep. We approached cautiously within ten rods of him, and fired two rifle-shots in quick succession. The balls took effect in front of his fore-leg, and striking within two inches of each other, passed entirely through his body. As soon as he felt the wounds he struggled violently, twisting and writhing, but finally became quiet.

"We waded in, and approached him as he lay upon a bed of green aquatic plants with his head towards us. It was resting on the mud, and one of the party was about to place his foot upon it, when a lively look in the animal's eyes deterred him. Stooping down, he picked up a floating branch, and lightly threw it in the reptile's face. The result was somewhat surprising. The huge jaws opened instantly, and the formidable tail came round, sweeping the branch into his mouth, where it was crushed and ground to atoms by the rows of sharp teeth. His eyes flashed fire, and he rapidly glided forward. Never did magician of Arabian tale conjure a fiercer-looking demon by wave of his wand than had been raised to life by the motion of a branch. For a moment we were too astonished to move.

"The huge monster seemed bent on re-



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879
(1837-1902)

Chapter 12 (continued) From St. Marks to the Suwanee River

Discovery of the True Crocodile in America - The Devil's Woodpile - Deadman's Bay - Bowlegs Point - The Coast Survey Camp - A Day Aboard the *Ready* - The Suwanee River - The End

venge, and in another instant would be upon us. We then saw our danger, and quicker than a flash of light, thought and action came. The next moment the gigantic saurian was made to struggle on his back with a bullet in his brain. It had entered his right eye, and had been aimed so nicely as not to cut the lids.

"To make sure of him this time, we severed his jugular vein. While performing this not very delicate operation, he thrust out two singular-looking glands from slits in his throat. They were round, resembling a sea-urchin, being covered with minute projections, and were about the size of a nutmeg, giving out a strong, musky odor. We then took his dimensions, and found he was over ten feet in length, while his body was larger round than a flour-barrel. The immense jaws were three feet long, and when stretched open would readily take in the body of a man. They were armed with rows of sharp, white teeth. The tusks of the lower one, when it was closed, projected out through two holes in the upper, which fact proved to us that it was not a common alligator, but a true crocodile (*C. acutus*)."

If Mr. Maynard had been at that time aware of the value of the prize he had captured, the market-price of which was some four or five hundred dollars, he would not have abandoned his crocodile. He afterwards sent for its head, but could not obtain it. This reptile will probably be found more numerous about the headwaters of the Miami River than further north. It sometimes attains a length of seventeen feet. Since Mr. Maynard shot his crocodile, others from the north have searched for the *C. acutus*, and one naturalist from

Rochester, New York, captured a specimen, and attempted to make a new species of it by giving it the specific name of Floridians, in place of the older one of *C. acutus*.

The morning sun was shining brightly as I pulled steadily along the coast, passing Warrior Creek six miles from my starting-point off the shores of Spring Creek. About this locality the rocky bottom was exchanged for one of sand. Having rowed eleven miles, a small sandy island, one-third of a mile from shore, offered a resting-place at noon; and there I dined upon bread and cold canned beef. A mile further to the eastward a sandy point of the marsh extended into the Gulf. A dozen oaks, two palmettos, and a shanty in ruins, upon this bleak territory, were the distinctive features which marked it as Jug Island, though the firm ground is only an island rising out of the marshes. Sandy points jutting from the lowlands became more numerous as I progressed on my route. Four miles from Jug Island the wide debouchure of Blue Creek came into view, with an unoccupied fishing-shanty on each side of its mouth.

Crossing at dusk to the east shore of the creek, I landed in shoal water on a sandy strand, when the wind arose to a tempest, driving the water on to the land; and had it not been for my watch-tackle, the little duck-boat must have sought other quarters. As it was, she was soon high and dry on a beach; and once beneath her sheltering hatch, I slept soundly, regardless of the screeching winds and dashing seas around me.

Before the sun had gilded the waters the next morning, the wind subsided, my breakfast was cooked and eaten, and the boat's prow pointed towards the desolate, almost uninhabited, wilderness of Deadman's Bay. The low tide annoyed me somewhat, but when the wind arose it was fair, and assisted all day in my progress. The marine grasses, upon which the turtles feed, covered the bottom; and many curious forms were moving about it in the clear water. Six miles from Blue Creek I found a low grassy island of several acres in extent, and while in its vicinity frequently grounded; but as the water was shoal, it was an easy matter to jump overboard and push the lightened boat over the reefs.

About noon the wind freshened, and forced me nearer to the shore. As I crossed channel-ways, between shoals, the porpoises, which were pursuing their prey, frequently got aground, and presented a curious appearance working their way over a submarine ridge by turning on their sides and squirming like eels. By two o'clock P. M., the wind forced me into the bight of Deadman's Bay. The gusts were so furious that prudence demanded a camp, and it was eagerly sought for in the region of ominous name and gloomy associations. I had been told that there was but one living man in this bay, which is more than twenty miles wide. This settler lived two miles up the Steinhatchee River, which flows into the bight of Deadman's Bay.

In a certain part of the wilderness of this region a tract of savanna and pine lands approached near to the waters of the Gulf, and was known as the "Devil's Wood Pile." Superstition has made this much-dreaded forest the scene of wild and horrible tales. Fishermen had warned me of its dismal shades, and of the wild cattle which roamed unheeded through its dreary recesses. Hunters, they said, had entered it in strong force, but the wild bulls

were so fierce that the bravest were driven back, and the dangerous task abandoned. Calves had been born in the fastnesses of the "Devil's Wood Pile," and had grown old without being branded by their owners, who feared the sharp horns of the paternal bulls, the courageous defenders of their native pastures.

Skirting the marshy savannas of His Satanic Majesty's earthly dominion, I ascended the Steinhatchee River, when a clearing with a rough house and store gave unmistakable signs of the proximity of the settler of whom I had heard. I was preparing to make my camp near the landing, when the proprietor made his appearance, courteously inviting me to his house, where he held me a willing prisoner for three days, giving me much information in regard to life in the woods. He had been a soldier in the Seminole war, and had passed through varied experiences, but had "settled down," as he expressed it, to the red-cedar business. Six long years had this man and his wife delved and toiled in the desolate region of Deadman's Bay, seeing no one except a few cedar-cutters from the interior, who stocked up at his store before going into the wilderness.

A great deal of red cedar is cut on the shores and in the back country of the Steinhatchee River. The squatters and small farmers, called crackers, engaged in this work, are not hampered by the eighth commandment, and Uncle Sam has to suffer in consequence, most of the timber being cut on United States government reserves. It finds its way to the cedar warehouses of merchants in the town of Cedar Keys. I have seen whole rafts of this valuable red cedar towed into Cedar Keys and sold there, when the parties purchasing knew it to be stolen from the government lands. My kind host, Mr. James H. Stephens, was the first honest purchaser of this government cedar I had met, for he cheerfully and promptly paid the requisite tax upon it, and seemed to be endeavoring to protect the property of the government.

From Mr. Stephens's hospitable home I proceeded along the Gulf, past Rocky Creek, to Frog Island, a treeless bit of territory where a little shanty had been erected by the Coast Survey officers to shelter a tide-gauge watcher. The island was now deserted. The coast was indeed desolate, and it was a cheering sight in the middle of the afternoon to catch a glimpse of signs of the past presence of man on Pepperfish Key, an island a little distance from land, rising out of the sparkling sea, and crowned with a rough but picturesque shanty,—another reminder of the untiring efforts of our Coast Survey Bureau.

A prominent point of land near this islet runs far into the Gulf, and is known as Bowlegs Point, supposed to be named after a chief of the Seminole Indians, whom I happened to meet many years before I saw the point which had the honor of bearing his name. Our meeting was in a southern city, but I had the misfortune to appear on the wrong day, and lost the honor of being received by that celebrity, as he had partaken too freely of the hospitality of his white friends, and could only utter, "Big Injuin don't receive! Big Injuin too much drunk!"

As night approached I crossed a large bay, and entered the very shoal water off Horse Shoe Point, close to Horse Shoe and Bird islands. These pretty islets were green with palmetto and other foliage, while upon the firm

land of Horse Shoe Point appeared, in the last rays of the setting sun, a white sandy strand crowned with a palmetto hut and a little white tent. Two finely modelled boats rested upon the beach, and five miles out to sea was pictured upon the horizon, like a phantom ship, the weird and indistinct outlines of a United States Coast Survey schooner. The tide was on the last of the ebb, and finding it impossible to get within half a mile of the point, I anchored my little craft, built a fire in my bake-kettle, made coffee on board, and, quietly turning in for a doze, rested until the tide arose, when in the darkness I hauled my boat ashore and awaited the "break o' day."

As soon after breakfast as wood-etiquette admitted, I joined the party on the beach, and was welcomed to their breakfast-table under the shelter of their pretty white tent; learning, much to my satisfaction, that I was an expected guest, as my arrival had been looked for some days before. This party from the schooner *Ready* was engaged in establishing a base-line two miles in length at Horse Shoe Point, and was under the charge of Mr. F. Whalley Perkins, who was assisted by Messrs. John De Wolf, R. E. Duvall, Jr., and William S. Bond.

The readers of my *Voyage of the Paper Canoe* may recognize in Mr. Bond, a member of this party, a gentleman whom I had met on board the Coast Survey vessel *Casswell*, in Bull's Bay, on the South Carolina coast, the previous winter. Only those who have gone through similar experiences can imagine what I felt at being thus brought into contact with men of intelligence. It was as though a man had been pulling through a heavy fog, and suddenly the sun burst forth in all its glory. Nature is grand and restful, and green savannas and tranquil waters leave fair pictures in our memories; but after all, man is eminently a social being, and needs companions of his kind.

My lonely voyage had been so monotonous that this return to the society of civilized man had a peculiar effect upon my mind, it being in so receptive a state that the most minute incident was noted; and the tent with its surroundings, the breakfast-table with its genial hosts, the very appearance of the water and the sky, were so in delibly impressed upon my memory that they never can be effaced. It is fortunate the picture is a pleasant one, as in fact were all the hours passed with the gentlemen of the schooner *Ready*.

On Saturday evening the party prepared to go on board the *Ready*; and as I was to pass Sunday with them, it was deemed prudent to send my boat to a safe anchorage-ground on the east side of Horse Shoe Bay, where, moored among some islands, my floating home would be protected from boisterous seas and covetous fishermen.

Climbing the sides of the *Ready*, I was filled with admiration for the beautiful vessel, the last one built especially for the Coast Survey service. The entire craft, with its clean decks and well-arranged interior, was a model of order and skilful arrangement. The home-like cabin, with its books and various souvenirs of the officers, was in strange contrast with the close quarters of my own little boat. The day was most pleasantly passed; and as the morrow threatened to be windy, Mr. Perkins kindly offered to put me on board the sneak-box before sunset. The gig was manned by a stalwart crew of sailors, and the chief of the party took the tiller ropes in his hands as we

dashed away through the waves towards Horse Shoe Bay.

At four in the afternoon we entered the sheltered waters of a miniature archipelago close to the coast, and I beheld with a degree of affection and satisfaction, experienced only by a boat man, my own little craft floating safely at her moorings. The officers gave me a sailor's hearty farewell, the boat's crew bent to their oars and were soon far in the offing, growing each moment more indistinct while I gazed, until a white speck, like a gull resting upon the sea, was the only visible sign left me of Mr. Perkins and his party.

My voyage of 2600 miles was nearly ended. The beautiful Suwanee River, from which I had emerged in my paper canoe one year before, (when I had terminated a voyage of twenty-five hundred miles begun in the high latitude of Canada,) was only a few miles to the eastward. Upon reaching its debouchure on the Gulf coast, the termini of the two voyages would be united. It would be only a few hours' pull from the mouth of the Suwanee to the port of Cedar Keys, whose railroad facilities offered to the boat and her captain quick transportation across the peninsula of Florida to Fernandina, on the Atlantic coast, where kind friends had prepared for my arrival.

While I gazed upon the smooth sea, a longing to pass the night on the dark waters of the river of song took possession of me, and mechanically weighing anchor, I took up my oars and pulled along the coast to my goal. Before sunset, the old landmark of the mouth of the Suwanee (the iron boiler of a wrecked blockade-runner) appeared above the shoal water, and I began to search for the little hammock, called Bradford's Island, where one year before I had spent my last night on the Gulf of Mexico with the *Maria Theresa*, my little paper canoe. Soon it rose like a green spot in the desert, the well-remembered grove coming into view, with the half-dead oak's scraggy branches peering out of the feathery tops of the palmettos.

Entering the swift current of the river, I gazed out upon the sea, which was bounded only by the distant horizon. The sun was slowly sinking into the green of the western wilderness. A huge saurian dragged his mail-clad body out of the water, and settled quietly in his oozy bed. The sea glimmered in the long, horizontal rays of light which clothed it in a sheen of silver and of gold. The wild sea-gulls winnowed the air with their wings, as they settled in little flocks upon the smooth water, as though to enjoy the bath of soft sunlight that came from the west. The great forests behind the marshes grew dark as the sun slowly disappeared, while palm-crowned hammocks on the savannas stood out in bold relief like islets in a sea of green. The sun disappeared, and the soft air became heavy with the mists of night as I sank upon my hard bed with a feeling of gratitude to Him, whose all-protecting arm had been with me in sunshine and in storm.

Lying there under the tender sky, lighted with myriads of glittering stars, a soft gleam of light stretched like a golden band along the water until it was lost in the line of the horizon. Beyond it all was darkness. It seemed to be the path I had taken, the course of my faithful boat. Back in the darkness were the ice-cakes of the Ohio, the various dangers I had encountered. All I could see was the band of shining light, the bright end of the voyage.



Cricket II on her maiden voyage from Virginia, Model A Ford Pickup truck in cockpit.

There is a famous fable about St. George the Dragon Slayer. The story has been an inspiration for several hundred years. People cherish their fears and their monsters, but they need to know there is someone to protect them. Knights on white horses were impossible to find in the 1960s, but there was Capt. Frank Mundus, the white shark hunter. His trusty steed was the *Cricket II* and his lance, a rod and reel.

In the late 1940s, when Capt. Mundus decided to target sharks as a charter fisherman, people's ideas about the ocean and its inhabitants were different than they are today. Sharks were bloodthirsty monsters that might attack your boat and devour all aboard. The rule was, the farther from shore the better. The crew of this first-ever shark boat would find themselves dozens of miles offshore in a strange and cruel world. The boat for such a journey had to be more capable and tougher than the adversaries.

Just as the winning horses are bred for racing and the meanest bulls are bred for fighting, the *Cricket II* was built for shark hunting. A small, dependable boat company in Virginia built the boat to Captain Mundus's requests. At 42' long, with 2" planking in the hull, the boat was unsinkable. The boat itself weighed several thousand pounds but was still capable of carrying a few more tons. It saw many days offshore when most other boats stayed safely tied up in the harbor.

The *Cricket II* became something of a cultural icon in the 1960s and '70s. The danger filled antics of the captain and crew of this monster-killing crew inspired the movie *Jaws*, and the *Cricket II* became the model for the *Orca* in the movie. Mundus was the basis for the character Quint and the claim was made that almost everything aboard the boat in the movie actually happened off Montauk on charters. Every major fishing magazine of the time and newspapers around the world covered the catches of the crew of the *Cricket II*. Some of the monsters brought home included a 3,427lb white shark, a 4,500lb white shark, and a 1,080lb mako; all three were world records.

In the last decade, the spotlight has shifted from the boat, but it has not gone downhill. Capt. Mundus has retired and white sharks are protected now, but the *Cricket II* is looking better than ever. Captain Joe DiBella now runs the boat out of North Carolina where it is still

St. George's Steed

By Tony Burch

available for charter for everything from sharks to trout. The boat is the oldest charter fishing boat on the east coast still available for trips. The *Cricket II* is obviously one of the most seaworthy and famous wooden boats ever built. It is certainly worthy of closer inspection.

Frank Mundus grew up on and around the ocean in New Jersey and New York. He worked as a mate on the charter boats in his early teens. He saw a lot of boats come and go. He even saw some sink and remembers the bodies washing up. He stored all this knowledge of boats away in his mind until the day he could get his own boat. But he could find no boat that met his standards.

He started out in 1946 with the *Cricket I*, named after one of Frank's alias' given to him because his friends said he shared the profile of Jiminy Cricket. But the boat wasn't big enough or fast enough to get out where the big ones were. His family was starving and charters were slow. He needed a bigger boat and he had the picture for what he wanted in his mind. One call to Otis Cockrell at Glebe Point Boat Co. made Frank's dream a reality.

Otis and his son Tiffany Cockrell took on the challenge of personally overseeing the construction of the *Cricket II*. Frank was familiar with their work and wanted a boat similar to what they were already making, but Mr. Cockrell thought that wasn't good enough. He knew what Frank would demand of the boat and decided to build it tougher than any one before. Mundus remembers hearing the boat maker demand the finest heart pine in 3" planking, then seeing him carefully inspecting each piece before construction began. "He'd of used 3" planking if they could have bent the boards," Mundus recalls.

The sturdy *Cricket II* was a product of the Cockrells' mind and labor. In the fifty years since construction, all paper details on the boat have been lost. But Mr. Tiffany Cockrell, currently in the process of passing the Tiffany Yacht Company on to the next generation, still has his memories. From the sketches he provided, one can see that an oak frame was used and spruce pine for the planking. The bottom

was cross-planked with 1-3/8" spruce pine as well.

One of two pictures left of the *Cricket II* on its maiden voyage from Virginia, show's a pickup truck on deck. Years later, the jaws of a shark weighing more than the truck, would still be unable to penetrate the hull of the boat. Mundus adapted the construction slightly to suit his aims. A front and two side pulpits were added to make photographing the sharks easier. The windshield was boarded up because the sharks' tails would break the glass. The fighting chair and flag of the boat both showed the boats icon: a fearsome dragon.

"How many times do you think the Wright Brothers crashed before they got a plane to fly?" Captain Mundus says about his first years of shark hunting. In the 1950s, when Mundus started his charter fishing, no one was fishing for sharks. After accidentally hooking into a mako one night, Frank decided that was the way to go. People enjoyed catching sharks, but, more importantly, sharks fascinated them. Bringing a couple of large sharks home dangling from the gin pole brought crowds down to the docks and lines for his charter.

After "eating snowballs" for several years, Captain Mundus finally had a following and began making some money. His monster mash chum made of "potheads" (pilot whales) attracted the biggest and most fearsome shark of all; the great white. For a price people could go out aboard the *Cricket II* and catch, either on rod and reel or by harpoon, a giant shark straight out of their nightmares. Several of these sharks were over 15' long and weighed well over a ton. Public interest grew even more and the heroics of the boat and crew became the subject of books, television shows, magazines, and newspapers.

But one author was to immortalize the *Cricket II* under the name of the *Orca*. Peter Benchley heard about one of the giant white sharks that Mundus captured just a short distance off a beach on Long Island and the story inspired the idea for the novel *Jaws*. Captain Frank Mundus was portrayed as the colorful character Quint, and the happenings aboard the *Orca* were probably taken from newspaper clippings about the *Cricket II*. The movie that followed the book brought out a primal fear of sharks in people every where. Killing a big shark with Mundus was a way for people

to feel powerful and brave, and for this feeling they were willing to pay.

"We already had a good charter boat, but what *Jaws* done was shake the trees a bit, and all the nuts came tumbling down on us," Capt. Mundus says of the glory days after *Jaws* came out. People got their adrenaline rush chasing down the barrels in a harpooned white, then feeling the boat shake when the massive jaws shook the hull. Back on the docks, Mundus would pick huge teeth out of the planking and sell them to "the idiots". People were happy they had their monsters and they had a hero: Sir Frank, astride the *Cricket II*.

The aging of Captain Mundus and the depletion of the shark population by commercial fisheries brought an end to the golden age of monster shark fishing. But the boat and its captain fared better than in the end of the movie. The boat was passed on to a fellow Montauk captain, and Frank stayed on to coach the new crew until 1990. Then, he quietly slipped away to a new home in Hawaii with his wife. "We done what no one else has done. We got the three biggest sharks. It was time for me to quit, and I don't miss it," Captain Mundus says on his retirement, but the boat itself is far from retired.

On a gorgeous Saturday, hundreds of fast moving sleek fiberglass rockets jet out of the North Carolina marinas in search of all types of game fish. The *Cricket II* slips out a bit behind them at 12 knots. It chugs its way offshore and drops out dead and live baits to troll. Captain Joe DiBella guides the boat and its charter to a good day of fishing aboard the 38,000lb vessel, and returns a bit later than the "play boats". That's the scenario on a select few Saturdays in North Carolina when the wind does not blow and no storms are brewing.

Then there are the majority of Saturdays when there is chop and the sea is not so kind. On those days the fast moving 1/4" hulled "play boats" stay at the dock and the owners cancel trips. But the *Cricket II* goes out and catches blue fin tuna or whatever game fish is on the itinerary. On those days, the ocean belongs to the *Cricket II* and Capt. DiBella has all its fruits to himself and his charter.

"We had the boat out when Hurricane Bertha hit with 25' seas; 180 boats were destroyed. The *Cricket II* wasn't hurt at all," Capt. DiBella says of his trust in the boat. He also remembers picking sharks teeth out of the hull as a kid on Montauk, and dreaming of someday standing behind the wheel as its captain. Since the mid-90s, he has been living that dream. At that time Mundus called him and



Cricket II fully fitted out by Captain Mundus, with a major catch being hauled aboard.

let him know that the Montauk buyers were not working out and offered him the chance of a lifetime.

Since acquiring the *Cricket II*, Capt. DiBella has made some renovations. He removed the added pulpits and restored the boat to its original look. Also, he reinforced the hull with "laminated plywood and fiberglass". The boat still looks the same, though perhaps appears to have a new coat of paint. Does it still perform the same? Only one man could answer that, and he refuses to take the wheel again. "When Frank was here for a visit, I tried to get him to steer a bit, but he wouldn't touch it. Said he was retired. But I secretly watched him one morning having his coffee on deck alone and I saw his lips moving. No one else was on the boat. He calls me sometimes to ask how his old girl is doing. I am sure he misses her," Capt. Joe said.

The *Cricket II* is an incredible boat and one worthy of admiration. If you'd like to know more about the adventures that took place on board, Captain Frank Mundus's autobiography is due out this summer. If you are interested in owning a boat like it, the original 3rd generation manufacturer is still in business under Mr. Tiffany Cockrell, Tiffany Yachts in Burgess, VA, (804) 453-3464.

The boat itself is also available for charter year round from Captain Joe DiBella in Beaufort, North Carolina, (252) 223-6718. Or, if you are so inclined, you may attempt to build your own from some of the sketches of the *Cricket II*. Perhaps you may simply cherish the thought that the oldest and most respected charter fishing boat on the east coast is, indeed, a wooden boat.

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Search for the Magic!



Ian Hunt of Sydney, Australia with his 7'9" long *County of Inverness* (left) and slightly smaller New Zealand passenger clipper *Timaru*.

Over the course of a few years, writing in this magazine I've touched on what I have oft described as the sheer magic of messing about with model sailing boats, a pastime rapidly increasing in popularity here in the land of the long white cloud, New Zealand.

In many parts of this country, but particularly in Auckland where I live, there is a continued flurry of activity in model sailboat construction, some of it perhaps motivated most recently by the America's Cup. Moreover, I tend to think that grown men have realised how much fun and friendship there is to be gained from model sailboating, and the uncanny calming effect one derives from it, and with the stigma of being seen sailing them well and truly buried, we have come out the closet, you might say, and as men (and women), we have owned up to what is in some cases, a relationship of obsession.

Little sailing boats are now seen everywhere; in the United Kingdom, on lakes and ponds in many parts of the USA and Canada, and in Australia. In fact, I am continually amazed every month, as to the sources of enquiries I receive by letter, telephone and fax from various other parts of the world, Germany, Ireland, South Africa parts of Scandinavia, Holland and recently from the lofty and land-locked Kingdom of Nepal where the New Zealand built Townson Electronics have established a following. Model yachting is becoming a worldwide phenomenon, full stop!

The racing side I won't touch on, because it is a specialised and highly organised side of model yachting, more a sport and certainly not a side of model yachting that I would suggest as being a source of either calming effect or fun. As for the friendship element, I have observed racing is a good way to lose friends rather than gain them! To each his own however, but this article is about the more relaxing side, the cruising, or what I call windling, of model sailboats.

But what do I sail, you might ask? The simple fact is, if your skills allow you to build from plans (if you can build a model aircraft then a model sailing boat is well within your field of capability), the choice of type of boat is indeed vast, with the widest possible range of plans available from many sources.

Schooners, ketches, yawls, cutters, square riggers, scows, skipjacks, sail-powered fishing boats, multi-hulls, island traders and sailing barges, old style boats, scale or semi-scale vintage racing such as the classic Royal yacht

Britannia of 1893, even vintage style M Class racing yachts such as *Pocahontas* of 1936 and the Adrian Brewer designed Vapour Trail A class, both of which have graceful hull lines.

Where do I buy these plans? One source I can tell you about is Marine Modelling International who have an up-to date fully illustrated plans guide of 42 illustrated pages available. It is well worth obtaining and the contact details are shown at the conclusion of this story. In the US there would be numerous other plans services I am sure, particularly those dealing with US and North American style sailboats.

In New Zealand, (and I daresay overseas) many obtain hull lines of famous overseas and local yachts from books and magazines, have them enlarged to whatever size they choose and go from there, researching as they undertake such labours of love, obtaining details on sail plans and deck details as they go along, and building what are true masterpieces in wood. Auckland, Malcolm Wilkinson's US designed schooner *Dolphin* falls into that category, and in a few months time, his new boat, a Herreshoff ketch is to be launched.

Tony Searle of Poole in England is into Man-O-Wars; Melvin Conant of Maryland sails a magnificent model of *Lynx*, a Baltimore Clipper; Roy Lake of Auckland built *Amalfi II*, an absolutely beautiful three masted schooner; Ian Hunt of Sydney, Australia, two wonderful, authentic square riggers that, believe it or not, are free-sailed; and Wim Moonen of The Netherlands has built the impressive clipper *Drommen*. These are all examples of the model boat builders art, and typify the enthusiasm they each put into the hobby, and the superb results achieved.

Model sailing boats don't, of course, have to be all that detailed, a good example being George Surgeon of Seaworthy Small Ships' sharpie schooner which was inspired by an article in *WoodenBoat* and built without plans, a tradition among sharpie builders. 50" in length on deck, as schooners go the boat is a pretty sight on the water.

Old hulls that fathers or grandfathers built as boys, unearthed from basements or attics are often a challenge, and make good RC sail boats once they are waterproofed. Then you have to re-make or produce new sails and rig and add radio gear, or you can choose to return to the days of freesail with it. More and more of these boat hulls are appearing, so go on, have a look in the rafters of your attic, but don't buy from an antique shop for you'll pay

By Mark Steele

Do I Go Model Sailboating? And What Do I Sail?

a fortune.

Not capable of building or don't feel like you are up to it? Okay, then if you happen to be moved even a mite by this article and still fancy owning and sailing a boat, do like me, get someone to build you one, or buy one off someone willing to sell, then rebuild the deck and build cabins and deck fittings like I did with my John Spencer designed Fun Fellow *Island Spice*.

There's yet another alternative! I'm a determined chappie, I'm determined to get you hooked! There's nothing wrong with the many mainly Japanese kitset boats, the Fairwinds by Kyosho, the Seawinds, the Yamahas and others. They sail well enough and require only a moderate outlay of both purchase price and construction time, and they get you onto the water. They often also become the catalyst towards moving on to grander boats.

In New Zealand it is also possible to buy ready to sail boats, the unrigged John Spencer designed Fun Fellow, the previously mentioned Electron, and a smaller but well produced boat called the Wind Warrior. All with GRP hulls and all supplied with everything you need to go sailing immediately, they range between six hundred and sixteen hundred New Zealand dollars.

In the U.S.A. Soling one metres, new and used, though intended for racing, make fine and economical to buy boats to fun sail, and Milton Thrasher (941) 966-9172 in Sarasota, Florida, can tell you all about the good looking IOD 48" boats.

Remember that with this relaxing style of model sailboating, the benefits are only governed by what you are happy with in terms of choice of boat, and by your attitude. You can windle with any type of boat, see her respond when the wind kisses her sail and she surges ahead with not a sound to be heard, and don't forget to chuckle over the admiring glances of the pondside watchers as they walk pass you slow-walk style, pretending not to look, some of them.

You set the style in model yachting, in that you sail what turns you on, and what you can afford. If you have any salt in your veins, get into the wonderful world of model sailboating. You'll quickly discover a whole new world of magic. Hopefully I have given you a few ideas.

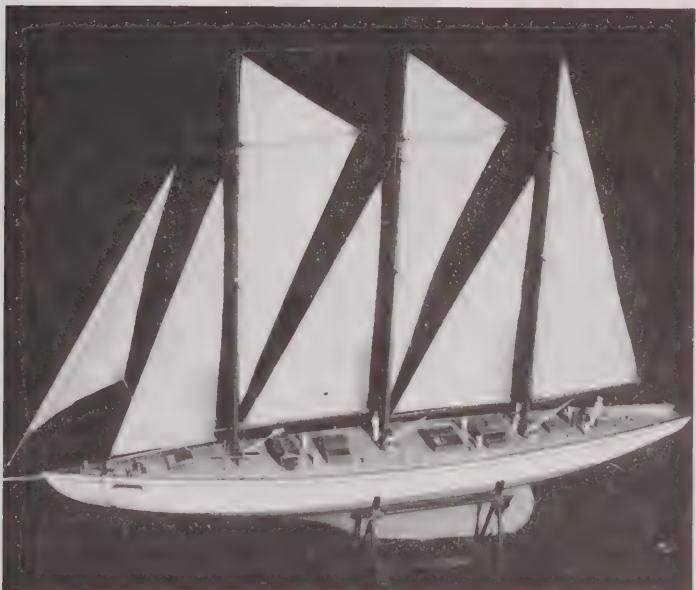
Sources: Traplet Publications, Traplet House, Severn Dr., Upton-upon-Severn, Worcestershire WR8 0JL, England. Traplet Distribution USA Ltd., 3103 Tatman Ct., Suite 105, Urbanna, IL 61802, USA.



A Baltimore Clipper, *Lynx* (right), owned by Maryland's Melvin Conant.



Dutch builder Wim Moonen with his clipper *Drommen*.



Roy Lake's three masted schooner *Amalfi II*.



George Surgent, of Seaworthy Small Ships in Maryland built this sharpie schooner.

Island Spice, a New Zealand Spencer designed Fun Fellow owned by the author.

United Kingdom's Tony Searle with his *HMS Mars*, a 74 gun ship of the line.

New Zealander Malcolm Wilkinson's schooner *Dolphin*, a 1933 Murray Peterson design.



This one sheet of plywood boat was inspired by Tony Hunter's *Twig* in the November/December 1998 issue of *Boatbuilder*. I changed the dimensions slightly to make it symmetrical, end for end. The diagram shows how it was laid out on one sheet of 1/4" plywood.

The center frame was made first from 1"x2" pine, 35-1/2" wide on the bottom and 42-1/2" wide at the sheer. A cross piece was installed with the top 8-1/4" above the bottom. This braces the side flare and supports the seat. End frames were made like the center frame, 24" wide on the bottom and 30" wide on the top. The top cross piece of the end frame was about 6" wide to allow cutting a crown on the top.

Chine and sheer stringers were made from 1"x2" pine. I broke some when I tried to bend them around the center frame so I ended up cutting them in half lengthwise and laminating them in a curve before installing them. This turned out to be easy to do and worked very well. There was a little springback when

Little Ann

By Craig Wilson

I took them off the laminating jig, but they fit well in the boat.

After the basic framework of the boat was finished, the plywood pieces were glued and screwed on, ends first, then sides, then bottom. There was a slight amount of compound curvature in the sides, but I was able to pull them together anyway. Perhaps a reader with a plywood boat design program on his computer could run this design through the program and provide us with dimensions for the end panels that would eliminate this compound curvature.

I believe the goal should be to make them as wide as possible by cutting them as shown in the second diagram. Notice that in the sheet layout arrangement diagram for all the panels, the corners of the plywood sheet are cut off, which makes it easier to use the typical

damaged lumberyard material.

After the boat was assembled, 3" wide fiberglass tape was used on the outside to cover all the seams. A 10"x18" plexiglass window was installed in the bottom. The paint is Sunrise Red outside and Smoke Gray inside.

My home is on a river in the mountains of California where there are a million ladybugs, so I painted the boat to look like one. The name of the boat is from the poem, *Ode to a Ladybug*:

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire and you children are gone,
All except one, and that's Little Ann,
And she has crept under the warming pan."

I made the boat for my grandchildren to play with, and they do like it. They especially like to look for fish through the window in the bottom.

Craig Wilson, 31451 Hardin Flat Rd., Groveland, CA 95321



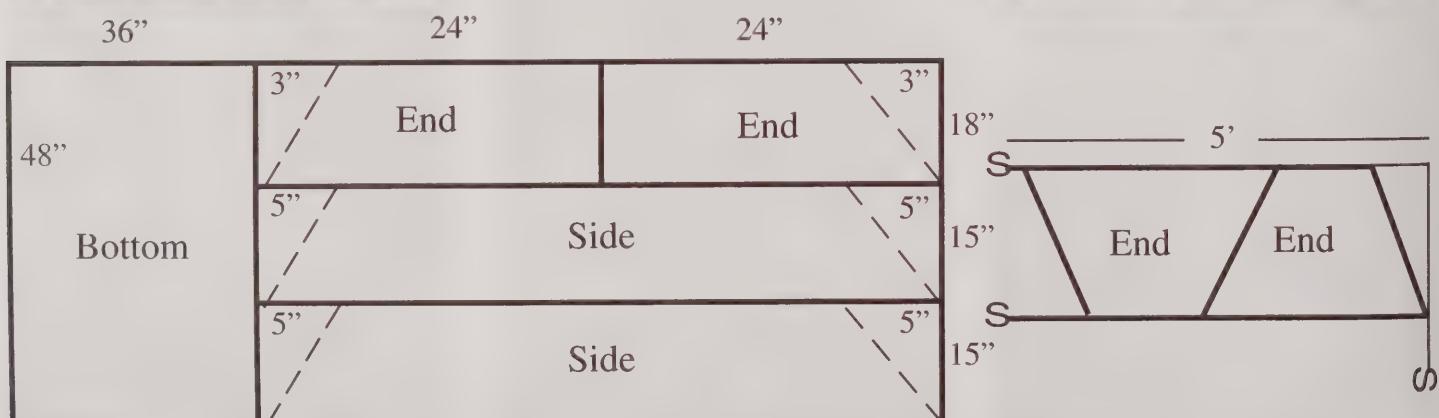
Sea trials in the backyard pool, a happy crew.



Readyng for the more open waters of Cherry Lake.



Youthful skipper underway.





Swamp Yankee on the Mississippi last November.



Recycled Chris Craft, my version of Marc Pettingill's Sweet Dream canoe.

Swamp Yankee, Sweet Dream & An Old Chris Craft

By Mississippi Bob

I found this book at the Boat House. The title was *Building Sweet Dream*. Cover art sells books. I bought a copy.

I have built about sixty boats to date, fifty of these were strip canoes. I wanted to get away from this construction system so I began designing in plywood. I designed one canoe and a couple of kayaks, then bought a plan for the Swamp Yankee and built it.

The Swamp Yankee really went together easily. It became a club project that got assembled at the Boat House at a builders' club meeting. After a short meeting I laid out the cut parts for this boat and began directing the construction. I handed a drill to a young lady along with a 4" piece of 1"x 2" as a spacing guage and had her drilling holes 4" apart. I handed a bundle of wire ties to another inexperienced member and showed him once how to fasten these plastic ties.

The boat took shape really fast and soon I mixed some epoxy with wood flour and got someone doing a fillet. I had someone else mix a batch of unthickened resin and started another novice taping over the fresh fillet.

We got about six of our least experienced members building this boat and within an hour and a half we were all standing around admiring our work. The boat was assembled, taped and primed on the inside. Nothing left after this but waiting for the epoxy to cure.

I took the "Hour and a Half Boat" home and finished it there.

The boat paddled fine if you like double paddle boats. Some of my friends really liked it and some of my grandkids got their first chance to be skippers in the boat. But, I'm a single paddle man and it wasn't my cup of tea.

I wanted to build a good single paddle plywood canoe and the Sweet Dream seemed worth a try. Marc Pettingill presents in his book a variation on the stitch and glue system that really appealed to me. After studying his book, I began to realize that his boat had very low sides and was best suited as a sit-on-the-floor double paddle boat. I needed to raise the sides so I could put in a seat high enough to clear

my No 9s when I kneeled.

I tried unsuccessfully to contact the designer to discuss some changes that I had in mind. Being a canoe designer myself, I have been horrified by the changes that folks have made to some of my designs. I really wanted to clear these changes with Mr. Pettingill but I waited a couple months and got no reply, so I built the boat with my modifications.

Raising the sides required scarphing on some plywood to the outer edges of each sheet making each sheet about 52" wide rather than the standard 48". I only needed the extra wood near the center of the boat so I cut pieces 14" long and 3" wide. By the time I cut my bevel for the scarph I ended up adding the 2" that I felt I needed.

Another change came about at assembly time when I learned that I could easily double the arch in the bottom, so I did. I also felt the boat needed a glass sheathing to stand up to the beating that I might give it, so it got a layer of 6oz fiberglass epoxied to the exterior from gunwale to gunwale. The interior got a layer of 4oz in the ends and 6oz underfoot. This glass ended just above the tape joint.

The boat lived up to its name, it was a sweet dream. This 13' boat did everything I asked of it quite well. I have been using it as a Freestyle Trainer. Sweet Dream turns well when heeling as I can lean the boat to the gunwale and still recover. The same boat can be used as a sit-and-switch boat holding a straight course with three to four strokes to a side. I am very pleased.

My next boat will be Sweet Dream No 2. I now want to build the 12' version. I will do a few things differently in an attempt to build a smoother lighter boat.

When I was involved in building the Sweet Dream last fall, my boss at the boatyard asked me if I could make a forty foot Chris Craft go away. "Not a problem," I replied, "but it will take some time to slip it into the trash a little bit each week."

How do you get a forty foot boat into a dumpster? Its simple, you cut it into dumpster

size pieces.

The boss found some one who would take the engines, gearboxes and shafts if we could load them in his truck. The Chris Craft continues to go away a little at a time. I'm down to the engine room and stern section. I did grab up some wood to take home in my truck.

These old boats had a lot of mahogany in them. Much of the Chris's interior was paneled with 1/2"x 2" strips. These all had rows of screw holes down the centers but I could still rip out 7/8" strips. I cleaned up some of the wood that I brought home with a sander and then ran it through my kid's planer. I plan to scarf together some of this wood, now in 4' and 5' lengths. Some of this wood ended up as trim in the Sweet Dream.

I now have some very nice Honduras mahogany long enough for thwarts, seat frames and the sectional inwales that I build. Thus the name was appropriate. The outwales were unfortunately made from the softer, lighter, Philippine mahogany and don't even come close in beauty.

I finished this plywood boat with Interlux Brightsides. I chose Hatteras Off White for both inside and out. I put several coats of polyurethane varnish on the mahogany. The results were striking.

My next couple of boats will have Honduras mahogany trim throughout. I should be able to make these up in any reasonable length. They should plane out to be a full 3/8"x 3/4". This should be a perfect dimension for outwales on a small canoe.

Yes I do sometimes build other people's designs. I named this boat *Recycled Chris Craft*.

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It is easy to see by going back through old issues of this magazine, old *Small Boat Journals* and *WoodenBoats* that there are very few small boat builders who had ads a long time ago who are still in business. I kind of keep in touch with a few other desperados. Such a collaboration ain't exactly like Mr. Exxon and Mr. Amoco, and Phillip Morris and R.J. Reynolds, because we have not yet managed to fix the price of hand-made skiff boats so that the chairmen of the boards of our small boatbuilding companies can fly home every weekend to some island in the Aegean... in their own jets... not yet. We are working on it though.

One small builder asked me how the Bull Market was treating me. He was in the first stage of this trade, the one where the boatbuilder loses money for ten years running, and he wanted to know how I managed my customer relations. Our niches didn't really overlap and I didn't think that there would be much chance that he would put me out of business before I got good and ready, so I told him my secret. Now that I am certain that I have strayed off so wild that nobody but a crazy person would want to overlap my niche, I have decided to make my customer relations policy public for the benefit of all struggling skiff boat builders.

It is simple... I chose my customers very carefully. I don't just build a boat for every goo-goo-eyed fool who waves a big sheaf of cash up under my nose. Here is the way my selection process works:

First, I never answer the phone. I don't really understand all the reasons for it but most of the people who call you on the phone ain't got a bit of sense. You can see that for yourself now that they have invented the car phone. Car phones have brought the facts out into clear view (unless the window tint is too dark). It is easy to see by all the head wiggling and excessive facial feature manipulation that those people sitting in those cars talking on the phone ought to have never left the privacy of their own houses.

What will happen is, that every time you get a cup of dook mixed, the phone will ring and you'll be on the receiving end of a long lesson about the proper offset of the sculling oarlock from the centerline complete with mathematical formulae and the discussion will always continue until that cup cooks off in your hand and wakes you up to the possibility that you can snatch the wire out of the wall without any further explanation.

No boatbuilder would want to engage in any kind of project with someone who acts like that, maybe a pinball machine magnate but no boatbuilder. You know, it is in the nature of a human being to steer clear of anybody who is wiggling in a car. You don't know what the hell they might be up to. They could just be in synch with the jam or they could be working up to some kind of climactic act... maybe road-rage, but whatever it is, they don't look like somebody you would want to deal with on a boat job.

That brings up the second thing. Not only do you want to avoid talking to people like that on the phone, you certainly don't want them in the shop. If you were just selling furniture or high-tech toys, or automobiles, it would be easy to put up with all that head wiggling and posturing long enough to get a good grip on the money and push, but the boat business takes a lot of exchanging of opinions and

Customer Relations For The Small Boatshop (Advice for the Professional)

By Robb White.

somebody is liable to get all het up among all those sharp tools and blunt objects and get their head traumatized. Even if you are a good listener and not apt to provoke fits in ignorant people, they are liable to become internally stimulated and cut the piss out of themselves on something like a shutoff bandsaw.

Even if they stand around with you for two or three days and finally contract for a boat, that just initiates more of the same damn thing... months more (unless you are throwing together three a week like me and my little sons used to do back in the plywood days).

Even after a boat has been gone so long that, if it had been a Rolls Royce car, the warranty would have expired, that person will call you and tell you how he pried that boat across the stern roller of a misfit trailer with the winch until the polypropylene line got so hot it fused and he heard a little cracking noise and "is that normal?"

You have to pick them better than that if for no other reason, the advertising benefits. Almost all of our customers are people who have seen one of our boats somewhere and had sense enough to know a good thing when they saw it. Now what kind of an impression would it make if they had seen the same boat in the hands of a ding-a-ling? If the new prospect had any sense at all, he would be afraid to go near enough to examine the boat and ask any questions after he saw all that head wiggling so he wouldn't know how excellently it was built and how wonderful it is to own. Even if the new man was so attracted that he threw caution to the winds and risked an encounter with the owner of the boat he would be shy about dealing with the builder after he heard what I finally had to do to get rid of all the nuisance after the boat was delivered and the money spent.

Really now, look at the arithmetic. Here you are, a professional boatbuilder trying to make a living. You have the ability to build the most wonderful man-made object in the world (you might hear some argument from musical instrument and airplane builders but don't pay any attention to it). Despite the advertising hype of big business and the arguments of sideliners, real wood is still the best thing to build small boats from (I ain't going to get into it right now but I am right) and such a thing cannot be built by unskilled hands.

We boatbuilders can't just hire some poor desperate illegal alien and hand him the chopper gun, show him in sign language how to squirt at the mold and then go back in the office to play video games on the computer, we have to build the boat ourselves. Say one of us can build four a year (I can't do that without running a deficit at the sawmill), by the time you figure the shop overhead, materials, and lost time handling the business paperwork, you ain't got time to fool around with customers who are "educated beyond their intelli-

gence" without having to price the boat right up there with other manmade objects. You have to pick the right ones first-shot-out-of-the-box and give the shoppers the bum's rush.

Which, here is how I do it: In the first place, I stay hid out all the time. It is impossible to find my shop without up-to-the-minute instructions. That weeds out casual curiosity seekers. In the second place, I carefully screen all the ones who make it through the no phone, no address first line of defense and when I find one that I know is unsuitable, I instantly bid enough to make the same hourly rate on the boat that other carpenters make like, say, on a house job. That'll either scare them off or maybe compensate me enough to make them suitable despite a tiny personal flaw or two.

Lots of people (unlike me) have such highly developed social skills that it is hard to tell what they are really like without investing too much time in subtle investigation, and every now and then one will make it all the way through the screening process into the shop before he shows his (I ain't going to say his-or-her all the time but there are plenty of unacceptable women too.... you'll just have to interpolate) true colors and then I have to chase him out. It used to take a lot of time and I would get a lot of stuff explained to me before I finally learned the best way to get rid of one of those kind.

You know, it is funny how a boatbuilder attracts advice. I can't think of any other line of work that is that way. If you let the wrong somebody into your shop and keep on working, that person will soon be breathing down your neck and crowding you so bad that you can't see what you are trying to booger up. When you finally stop, the damned person will explain all that you were doing wrong. "I f you would hold that chisel with the bevel up instead of down like you were doing, the line of force would be more in line with the angle of attack and your push would be more efficient.... besides, you actually should never put your fingers on the blade as tool steel contains tiny fissures that attract and contain the sweat from your hands by capillary action and that could cause rust."

That kind of thing happens all the time and not just to me, I have seen that those boatbuilders who write the books have to put up with such as that. In plenty of other businesses, the medical profession for one, the man can do what he needs to do like he knows best without a single suggestion. Why, people will let a regular tyro straight out of training do no telling what-all to their own person without giving them any advice at all about how to put on a rubber glove.

But us boatbuilders... I had a man tell me, for fifteen minutes, why I shouldn't use a quarter to open a paint can one time and he only stopped when I showed him that it was actually a Susan B. Anthony dollar. Despite what y'all might think from all the eloquent opinionating I do, I am not capable of sharp sarcasm or swift repartee. I am a two-step kind of person in a situation like that. First, I am the very soul of congeniality. Second, I got him by the crotch of the ass and the neck of the shirt. That's a dangerous way to rectify a simple mistake in customer appraisal. I ain't got any of my own front teeth on the top anymore.

I finally figured out the solution. I found out that the reason people have too much re-

spect to advise the doctor ain't because they are in awe of his education and financial prospects, it is just that rubber glove. They'll treat you with the same respect as if you were a world-renowned proctologist as soon as you put on that glove.... and they'll back right out the door at the slightest advance too.

So, here is how to be a successful boatbuilder just like me. Don't be ashamed of the obsessive nature of your profession... charge the same kind of hourly rate as Mr. Goodwrench and don't forget the overhead (that includes health insurance and the IRA). Don't put up with any foolishness at all... it gives people the wrong impression and actually does them an injustice because they might come down here and think they can act like that with me and get a knot snatched in their tail.

If we all conduct our business like that,

skiff boat builders will have the same kind of control as other professionals who have ganged up on the rest of the world. People will know what to expect when they come to the shop. They won't mind sitting in the waiting room, reading old *Motor Boating & Sailing* and *Cruising World* magazines until you get good and ready to see them, and they'll expect to pay \$250 up front just to watch you put on a rubber glove. Until we conspire enough to fix the public notion so that they know that a hand made boat is worth what it is worth, we can always build furniture or, like me, doors and window sashes. There is plenty of money in that.... I can build \$1,800 worth of doors in two days. I also suggest sidelining with a staple gun at the trailer factory... that pays good. Or you can stack flakeboard on a CNC machine at a furniture factory.

But if you really want to make a make a

little regular money, I suggest the boat repair business. That's the nearest thing to the medical profession as boat people can get. I can hear you now... "Better have a seat Mr. Gotrocks, I have some bad news. We have found some bumps on your stem and are afraid that there has been some intrusion into your core material. We have caught it very early and we have had good success in treating this condition but we'll have to act immediately and it will be very expensive so you better get your affairs in order."

(That's a direct quote from W.T. "Snake" Womble, renowned fishing guide of Recovery, Georgia, delivered as part of a short soliloquy about the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers on the Jack Wingate Show on WPAX, AM Radio, Thomasville, Georgia, at 6:50am on May 9th, 2000.

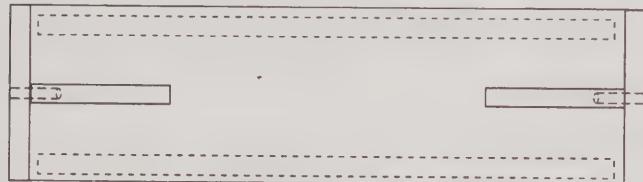
Car Top Loading Solution

By Irwin Schuster

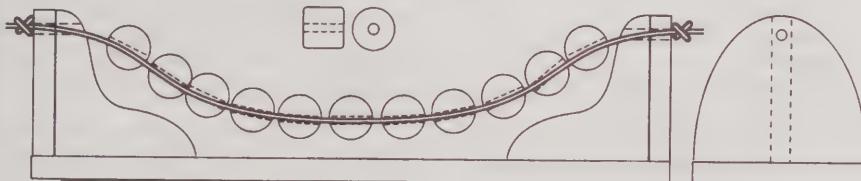
If you car-top, you know the drill: 1) Put the roof racks on the car. 2) Take the boat off the storage rack and carry it to the car. 3) Put the boat on the roof racks. 4) Drive to the water. 5) Take the boat off the roof racks. 6) Carry

the boat to the water. 7) Rig the boat. 8) Do your thing. 9-15) Go back through from 7 to 1. All of this except "Do your thing" is no fun.

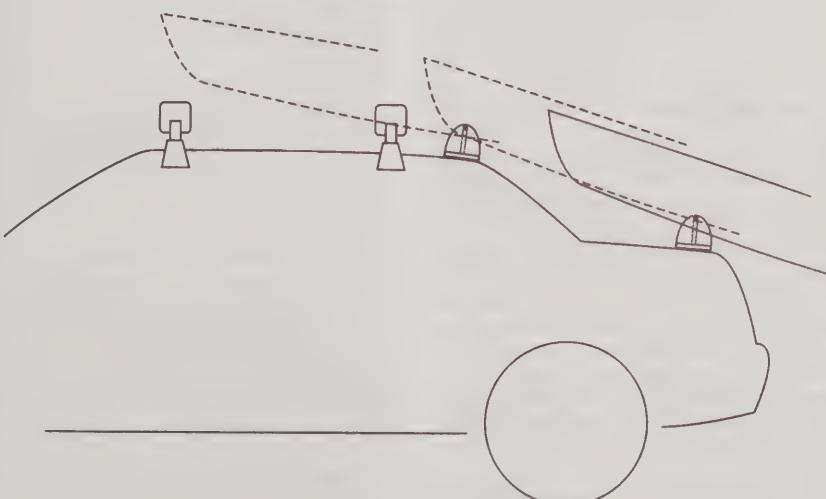
The on-off, on-off of lifting and extending my arm to get my shell onto the roof rack saddles was creating shoulder problems for me, so I designed this rig to help. Study the geometry of your car and rack, and make the rollers high enough to allow you to advance the hull as far as possible before tipping/lowering it into the rack saddles (because once it's down, by design, it doesn't slide easily).



Alternate Roller Bead



Magnetic Strip



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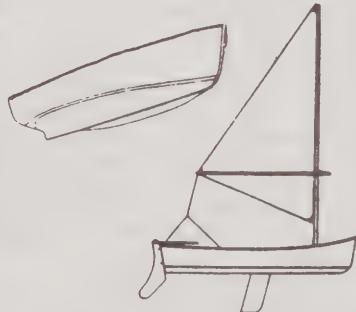
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My 40' Waterline Daysailer

Design No. 896

Designed by Yves-Marie de Tanton

I first heard about my client when he ordered a set of plans of Pen Gwyn, a heavy, steel Colin Archer-type double-ender that I designed. Many telephone conversations later, it was apparent that besides owning a large distributorship for steel and aluminum products, this person had something else on his mind. A genuine interest in boats in general, and an open mind, made him inquire into, collect and stash all sorts of boat projects. The only way out was to get to the bottom of the problem and ask the question: "What was he really after?"

There are enough instances in my profession when we have to act more like a shrink (and even occasionally like a divorce lawyer), for us to not realize that people, more often than not, do not know what they really want. So, I asked him to put on paper what he thought he was after. The result was a five-page computer printout covering everything for a 44' daysailer for Lake Ponchartrain near New Orleans. The specifications were really complete and thorough, with the accompanying article about a boat named *Patrician*, a wooden daysailer of classical beauty and proportion.

Armed with such a request, and believing it made a lot of sense, I started on Design No. 896. Not surprisingly, the hull and deck were to be built of aluminum, the lightweight material was well suited to the lines of a disguised sharpie with the chine showing only briefly in the stern. The shape in general is what I call an InsTanton, for its ease of de-

LOA 46' 2"
LWL 40' 0"
Beam 11' 1-1/2"
Draft 6' 6"
Displacement 13,130lbs
D/L 92
Sail Area 961sf; SA/D 27.64

signing and building. Two basic angles are chosen for topsides and bottom and the shape wraps around. Ideal for sheet material, whether it be steel, aluminum or plywood, this approach took me years of iterations but the results have been very well received.

I am a little ahead of the description right now, and I want to backtrack to emphasize what was really asked for in this boat: A shallow-draft daysailer with maximum cockpit space for as many guests as possible, with minimum accommodations (more for picnic-time than overnight), and an easily-handled rig, light-air oriented.

I chose a racy look, the long cockpit and low freeboard help to achieve a sleek appearance while the long overhang forward sharpens the entrance of the water to the flattish bottom of the hull. The coachroof for headroom, not so discreet, will blend with the mast and the normal array of blocks and lines around it.

The cockpit, with high coamings for comfortable seating and plenty of leg room, is split

sideways by two tables, cutting down the volume but also offering space for a liferaft in one and a cooler in the other. The helmsman is aft, with full controls at his disposition for handling the main, the jib and even the anchor. A busy man, but the electric winches (options) should help.

The sail plan is rakish, performance-oriented and versatile. The rake is permanent to be able to sail with the jib alone, fast under just about any conditions and with no lee helm. The main is very large for light-air performance and under full sail should be reefed in moderate wind. The boom is fitted with a reefing system.

Bat cars give a new meaning to curtain call, so fast is the lowering of the mainsail and the gathering within the lazy jacks. In any case, the boat will sail beautifully with the main alone, or the jib alone; the long, narrow, balanced hull lines will see to that.

If you haven't noticed yet, the spreaders are swept forward. The reasons are two-fold. Firstly, the entire rig is always in tension including the leeward shrouds. As the backstay is tensioned the lowers hold the mast from pumping and the forward swept spreaders keep the uppers taut. Secondly, runners and baby stay are not necessary. The efficiency of the mainsail downwind is increased and with a jib with no overlap, there is no interference with the spreaders. There is also an assymetrical spinnaker for reaching, for the fun of it, mounted on a fake bowsprit made with part of

the pulpit. The sail is roller furled.

To counterbalance this sail plan, and with a six and half foot draft limitation, I fitted the keel with a flat bulb to place the center of gravity at its lowest position and improve windward performance.

The interior has been kept simple but surprisingly offers a lot of the amenities seen on larger sailboat. I simply eliminated all the berths but one.

The power plant is a light Yanmar diesel of 34hp driving a Max prop to do justice to this long legged 40' waterline exciting picnic machine. The backing under power is amazing, the boat can go almost as fast astern as forward.

Anticipating an alternative use of this design for sight seeing and day chartering, this sailboat has been Coast Guard certified for 16 passengers. She has been earning her keep in Newport Rhode Island summers with clients. She presents in Narragansett Bay an unusual sight if you are around long enough to see her passing by you like a freight train. As Design # 935 the concept of the Day-Sailer has also been extrapolated down and up to 65', this being the maximum size not only for Certification, but also from a practical aspect.

My general idea has always been to design a series of boats, monohull "cattle boats" (for the time being we will leave the "cattleman" mania to others) in various sizes and configurations for use at resorts, adapted to the specific locations. We look at an area, study its needs, emplacement, geography, length of the trip, draft, wind etc... etc... budgeted of course with a return on investment in mind. We then offer a proposal for designing and building their special boat. An idea slow to take to the water, the success of the Sight Sailer here in Newport is starting to raise interest.

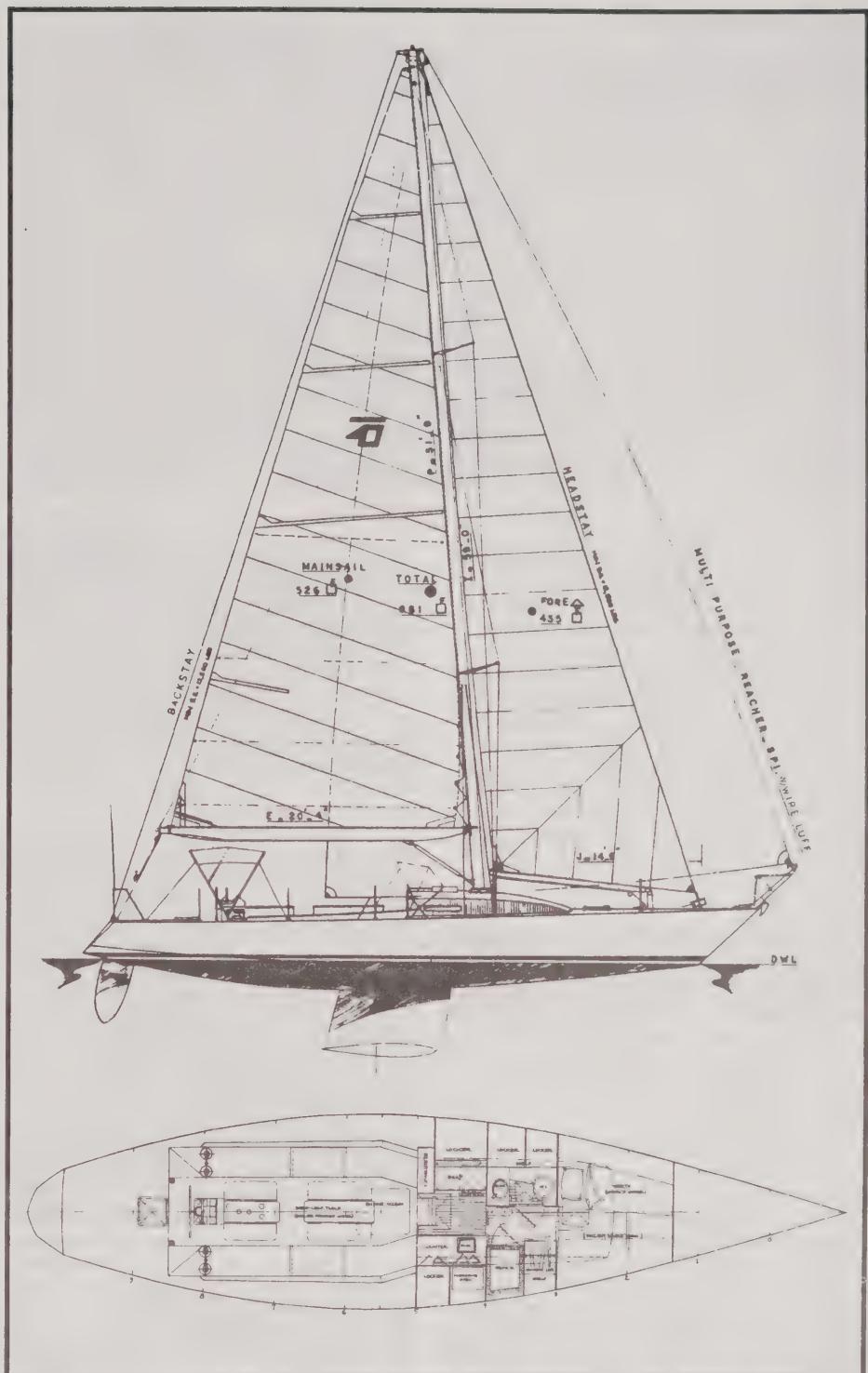
The idea in my mind should follow certain principles. One is the use of our InsTanton shape, being the simplest form yet obtained for spectacular performance and beauty of construction in a vast array of materials. In a sense there nothing totally new about it; simply that the geometry in space involved is refined to the ultimate.

What is an InsTanton hull? Well, the deadrise is constant throughout so that the bottom and the topsides planking (or plating, or glassing etc...) is bent in one plane only and not twisted. The chine does not create disturbance and with a slight angle of heel the immersed lee chine cuts cleanly while the raised weather one squelches wave trains and keep the boat dry.

In order to keep the boat handling simple stick to one mast with no overlapping jib and a mainsail with full length battens. The result is to be able to handle the boat with only two persons, to cut the staff to a minimum. On the larger size, the C.G. may require a third person. But, this is still a lot better than what I see around me, be it a schooner or a catamaran.

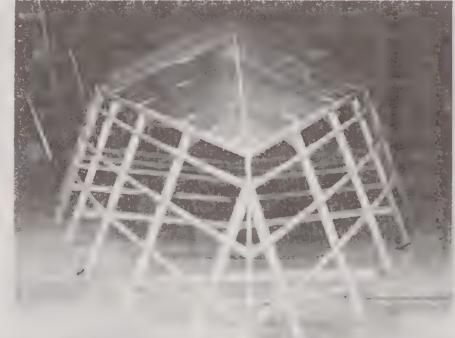
Offer comfort and safety. Stability test and real seating arrangement go a long way to reassure people. We found that 90% of the persons coming aboard (over 5,000 in a short season) have never been on a sailboat before! I do not know if this is good news for the sport or an awful statistic. On the one hand, what a potential market. On the other hand, there must be reasons why so few are sailing.

We are presently preparing a small pub-



licity campaign to introduce this business concept. Call it marketing research. Maybe something will turn up.

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Ever since becoming aware of the expression "Office Mind", compliments of the incomparable Phil Bolger, I have become more and more aware of how well it describes the many trends in nautical and other matters. I have already given the reason why I think that it does not apply to the split-lug rig in a recent issue, basically, the split-lug is simple, straightforward and uncomplicated, something which any product of the office-mind never is, which brings me to the subject of this article, that the office mind way to cross an ocean is to bang blindly across in a sizeable vessel.

For the present day archeologist and anthropoloaist this seems the one and only solution because they do have maps, and usually Mercator-Projection Maps at that. In order to put part of a globe on a flat piece of paper, when for instance looking at the Atlantic from the Equator up, we have to keep on stretching the map sideways and lengthwise to keep up with the distortion. If the distance between two meridians at the equator is 30 degrees, or $30 \times 60 = 1800$ nautical miles, the distance between those same meridians in Alaska would be only 122 equatorial degrees, or $122 \times 60 = 750$ nautical miles, not even half the distance at the equator between the two same meridians. To get the proportions right we now also have to stretch the map lengthwise; just check-out the distances between the parallels.

To underline this office mindset I recently wrote a spoof. The infamous "landbridge" had opened between Asia and the US. Real Estate agents were setting up offices in every town, city and hamlet all over Asia to advertise the opportunity: "Act Now! Only Limited Time! Deals, Deals, Deals! Lowest Landprices Ever! The Asian population, having no maps, and up until now unaware that the US existed, were now thoroughly brought up to snuff. All over

I was asked to write for our *Shallow Water Sailor* newsletter about my experiences with the Sea Pearl Tri-21 (used, but new to me) and to compare it with the Dovekie. So, hereitizzz. In general, the Tri is about what I expected, with the inevitable compromises setting it away from camping and simplicity, and more towards sailing.

Draft: Both boats will float in shallow water. The Dovekie literature says that it will float in 4" of water although I expect something like 6" is needed with crew and gear, still not much. Last year I had to pull my Sea Pearl Tri 50' through muck the consistency of thick water with the anchor line, when I awoke one morning to find high northwest winds had blown some of the water out of the upper Chesapeake Bay. I've seen conflicting claims for the draft of the Sea Pearl Tri. But judging by the scum line on my hull etc, 10" or so is close enough.

Accommodations: Although the Tri is approximately the same length as the Dovekie, it is somewhat narrower (main hull) and because the space is divided into sections (self-bailing cockpit, open cabin like the Dovekie, recessed deck in front), the interior camping space is smaller. I camp alone so the Tri has enough room, especially when the extra storage in the wing decks and cockpit is included. But it would be tight but possible for two for camping. On the plus side for the Tri, a sun shower can be used in the cockpit without bailing. Also, because of the greater stability, bimini's are available to provide shade, even while sailing.

DreamBoats Westward Ho!

By Richard Carsen

Asia road signs arose pointing to the "Bridge", and the Asians turned out in the millions to take advantage of this opportunity. Of course, the horse, which couldn't read, was left out and missed this unique opportunity to re-immigrate to the US; they had to wait for Columbus.

Nonsense aside, apart from the Eskimo people who already lived there, and became therefore aware that they could move further east, I cannot see any possible reason why any Asian, totally unaware of such a thing as a landbridge, would move to the northeast corner of Asia, Asia as we see it on the map, not even a concept in his mind.

However, I can see people exploring and going further and further coastwise. People seem to have done that since time immemorial. The skulls of longheaded people with pointed chins are found, I understand, on every coast in the world. The operative word here is "coast"; and to do that, all you need is a small boat, easily beached. As right into historical times it is often mentioned that ships traveled in large convoys, I can see flotillas, groping along the coast, coming from China and reaching as far as California, Middle America and South America. The unbelievable abundance of races depicted, and clearly recognizable, on some monuments there, should convince anyone but the ubiquitous office-mind, that this actually took place.

I remember an Indian of the northwest, interviewed on a talk show on some Canadian station, insisted that such movements as Buddhism and other religious or social move-

ments, had been known to them, had reached America before the white man. An Eskimo friend of mine, this time belonging to a shaman family, insisted that his people had not come across any land bridge. He was aware of this theory, but had come from the southwest, and proved something when he found some sacred objects of which he was aware, at a tribe which represented to him the "homeland" (a few years after predicting them to me).

So you would like to sail/paddle/motor to Japan? In your kayak? Or your outboard dinghy? The distance following the coast, as I have explained over and over again, is no further than banging right across. You don't trust the Russies? I dont either.

Get or build yourself a long distance craft like one I have discussed on these pages, designed by the naval architect Haig, which I think had a range of over 2000 nautical miles, which would just cover the Russian "gap". You could interrupt your journey, store your boat or boats, and pick up where you left off in another season.

I remember Tevake, the Santa Cruz Islands native navigator, navigating the *Ishbjorn*, Lewis's modern day vessel, grumbling that they wouldn't be making any trips "in such weather". With coastal navigation you can, and certainly should, pick favorable weather. Remember, "Only a Christian or an idiot would beat against the wind any distance (Arabian proverb? Villiers?). One dinghy, especially prepared for wintering in the arctic, sailed the unconquerable northern east-west passage, where big and bigger ships have failed with the regularity of clockwork. I think that people who are attracted to the basic tenets of this magazine are getting the message loud and clear, judging by the many articles I see which promote self-reliance and original thinking.

Dovekie vs Sea Pearl Tri-21 My Experience

By Jim Plourde

Sailing Performance: Off-the-wind, the Dovekie sails well, but the Tri sails faster overall, although it's not intended for racing. A boat like a Tremolino 21 Tri would be much faster, but at the cost of further complexity and set-up time. However, the Sea Pearl Tri is a very powerful sailor, with fully battened sails totaling 186sf on carbon fiber masts (this year's model has less). It sails about the same as a good 30' boat, but not as fast as my Laser in planing conditions. The Tri is very stable, is easily balanced with sail trim, always turns through the wind when desired, and is routinely sailed with both sheets cleated. A novelty is being able to move around the boat while sailing on course. In rough water, it is wetter than the Dovekie because of spray coming off the windward ama, which is usually out of the water but occasionally hits a wave top.

Set-Up Time: The Dovekie easily wins here. My observation about sailing is that no one job takes very much time but the total number adds up. A few years ago, I sailed with someone in a Daysailer who took about 1-1/2 hours to rig it! Early-on, I took 20 minutes or so to set-up my Dovekie, but now I have it arranged so I can be on the water within a few minutes of arriving at a launch ramp. I raise

the mast on the water and then attach and raise the sail. Because of the trees and birds, I have to cover both boats at home anyway, so I trailer the Dovekie using the soft hatch covers-no problem, I don't see them flapping (the hatch covers, not the birds).

At the launch ramp, all I have to do is mount the outboard and remove the cockpit canvas. Undoubtedly, I can improve my set-up time for the Tri with planning and practice, but now it takes 30 minutes or so, although the literature and video claims 15 minutes overall. The amas fold out in seconds either on or off the water. Both sails remain attached to the booms with the full battens attached to the sails and the whole mess is stored in the cabin. I have sail covers, but don't use them since the sails are under cover. Nevertheless, there are two masts to raise and two sails to attach and rig. On my first time out, I wondered, "Does the M marked on the end of one boom stand for main or mizzen?" No doubt the previous owner told me, but I forgot.

Overall: The Dovekie continues to be the shallow water camping and simplicity champion. It sails well but the Tri sails much better and is more stable. Again, please keep in mind that I haven't been able to make comparisons to many other boats so if your favorite has been left out, tell us about it.

(Reprinted with the author's permission from *The Shallow Water Sailor*. For further information about this newsletter write to *The Shallow Water Sailor*, Kenneth G. Murphy, Editor, 20931 Lochaven Ct., Gaithersburg, MD 20882.)

Unchanging (Almost) Herring Boats Of Grand Manan

By John Van Vlaanderen

These traditional dories I photographed in 1999 are still in use on Grand Manan Island in the Bay of Fundy, working the herring weirs for the herring fisheries. The dories do have teflon sheets fastened to their bottoms these days, however, so they can be slid over the rocks during low tides. This can become comical when the boats take off, getting up to 10mph bouncing along down over the rocks. A must see.



The classic herring fishery dory, under the forefoot the teflon can be seen peeking out.



A fleet of the dories in Black Harbor.



Harbor view, note one dory near beach with a rather tallish cabin shelter.

Herring wharves with tide going out. This is the Bay of Fundy.



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**Albert Strange
 Canoe Yacht Wenda**

Design #532

Length on deck 24'9"
 Length waterline 18'10"
 Breadth 6'4"
 Draft with centerboard up 2'2"
 Draft with board down 3'9" to 4'10"
 Displacement 3400lbs
 with 1350lbs of outside ballast
 Sail Area 273sf

Wenda is not our design. She's an early masterpiece of Albert Strange, close to the best combination of artist and technician in boat design that Great Britain ever produced. The working plans of Wenda are lost, leaving a tantalizing, beautiful, sail plan and lines tracing printed in an old book. *WoodenBoat Magazine* commissioned me to reconstruct the plans so that replicas could be built. I did it reverently, suppressing any temptation to try to improve it. If you once say, "Wouldn't it be better if we changed this or that?" either you make small changes that may or may not be small improvements, or you follow your thoughts through and end up with something quite different. Either way it's no longer a Strange design, but a design inspired by Strange.

These plans are a Strange design; I hope, and think, that he would have signed his name to them (he had an elaborate formal signature that he used to sign off on plans, which I traced off on the working drawings as he would have done). I feel strongly that they should not be tampered with at all, that anybody who wants a boat like this but somewhat different ought to start over with their own design. Changing a masterpiece is vandalism even if the changes

work well.

For instance, auxiliary motors were unheard of when this design was conceived, and it is practically impossible to work one in that doesn't spoil either her sailing or her looks, or her comfort, generally all three. There are two options: One is to have a bracket to mount a very small outboard on one of her quarters. Two or three horsepower will get her moving

quite well in a dead calm, and smooth water, but it will ruin the visual effect when it's in place, and will be an unpleasant job to mount and dismount. It would have to be stowed flat, with risk of spilling oil in the bilge.

An electric trolling motor would be easier and less nasty to mount and demount, but there is no good place or capacity to take batteries enough to drive her for more than a couple of hours, and you would have to plug into a 110v outlet after every use. A boat built to these plans had such motors mounted inboard, out of sight, but the idle propellers killed her sailing and the wells for the motors' through hull spoiled the cockpit.

The second possibility is to tow a dinghy and put the motor on the dinghy. The visual effect of the combination is still not very good, but the beauty of the mother ship is only compromised by association. The dinghy itself is useful to the point of being a necessity for cruising in a boat too heavy to manhandle on a beach.

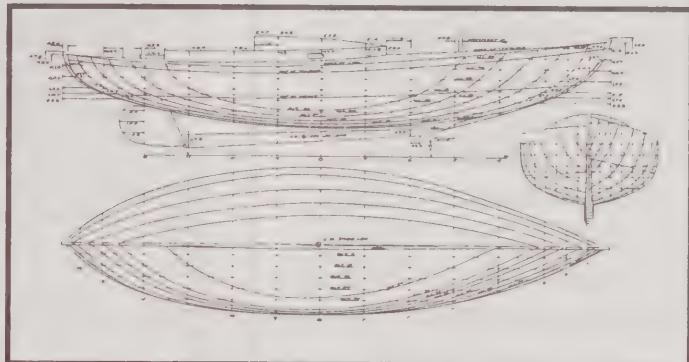
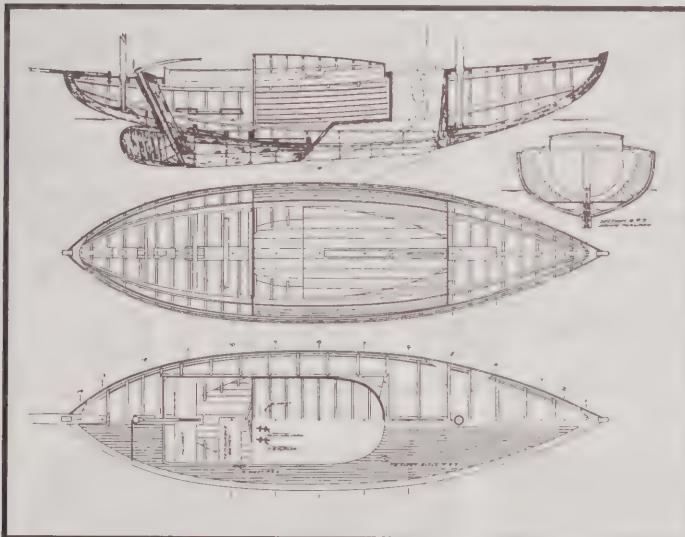
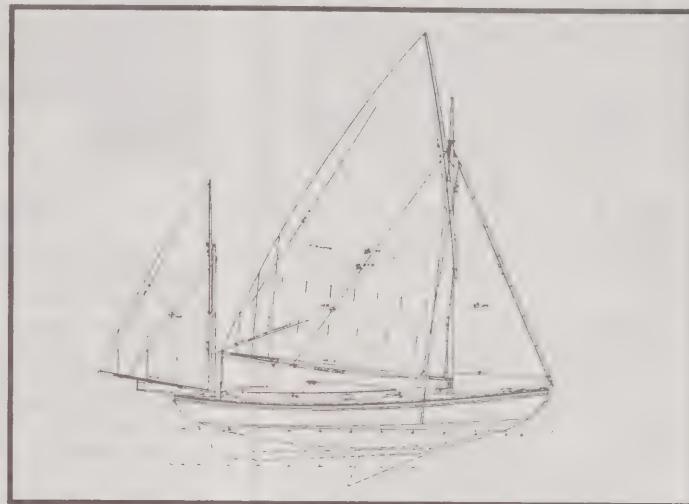
There's a third option: To sail her as Strange intended her to be sailed, with patience and foresight, using the tides with good ground tackle, and now and then giving the boat a hand with a sweep. Read Francis Herreshoff's

Compleat Cruiser for a description of this kind of cruising (Wenda would do it much better than L.F.H.'s deeper and heavier Rozinante). I've done some myself, it can be frustrating sometimes scary, and the options of where you can go are reduced by comparison with a powered boat, but it's good sport and certainly hones one's skill in a different fashion from racing.

Of course she can be used as a daysailer around any lake or harbor, as one might use, say; a Soling; but with the advantage of her shallow draft and comfortable cuddy, for overnight or just shelter from a shower. This is how Julian Sarfert of Berlin, Germany, usually uses the lovely Wenda he had built in the Czech Republic shown in these photos. Rare these days, Julian Sarfert resisted the tempta-

tion of redesigning her, leaving her "as designed", kingplanks and all, just adding a bit of length to her cuddy cabin.

Plans of Wenda, Design #532, are available for \$200 to build one boat. Four 17" x 22" drawings intended for experienced builders; from Phil Bolger & Friends, 66 Atlantic St., Gloucester, MA 01930-1627, Fax (978) 282-1349.



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Water Cycling World Record Set

World-renowned cyclist John Howard established an International Human Powered Vehicle Association 24 Hour world record by pedaling the Budweiser Pedalos 104.6 miles on a tough .79 mile course on Perch Lake, in Sparta Wisconsin between 9:18am on August 18, through 9:18am on August 19. The American Canoe Association sanctioned the race in Sparta, Wisconsin, which is known as the "Bicycling Capital of America". The record attempt was part of the 2000 Wisconsin Classic bicycling event.

Billed as a contest of arms vs legs, the race also featured an accomplished endurance canoeist, Richard Hodgkins, who was forced to abandon the competition in the fourth hour. Setting another record in the multi-rider class were Kevin and Karin Hughes riding their modified tandem Micro Cat Ultra by Micromarine. They suffered drivetrain problems but persevered to set the record at 56.1

miles.

Howard is the first world class athlete to adopt the brand new sport of water cycling. His Pedalos craft, manufactured by his brother Harry Howard, is 24' long and weighs about 85lbs. "The boat is pedaled like a bicycle, but in a recumbent position, which better utilizes the musculature," says Howard. "This thing is much faster and more comfortable than a conventional canoe or kayak and I challenge the rest of the world to better my record next year."

Howard set his record just two days after his 53rd birthday. Cycling Hall of Famer Howard is a former three-time Olympian, world champion medalist, and holder of both the world cycling speed record of 152mph and the 24 hour endurance record of 539 miles. He is also a past winner of the Bud Light Ironman Triathlon World Championship in Kona, Hawaii.

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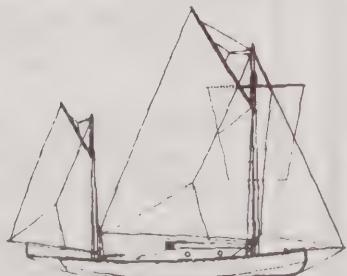
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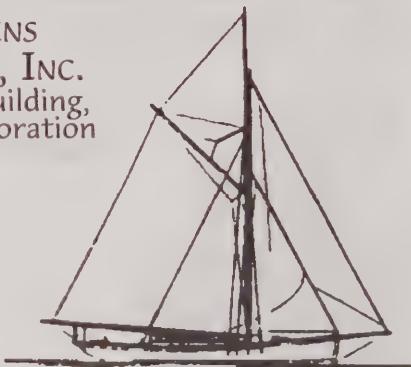
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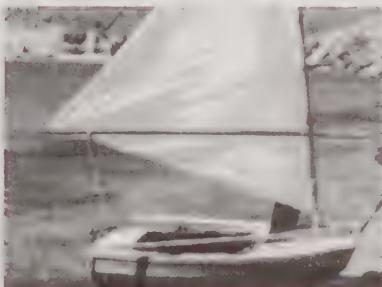
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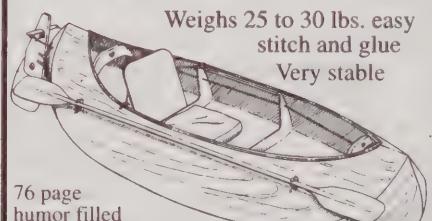
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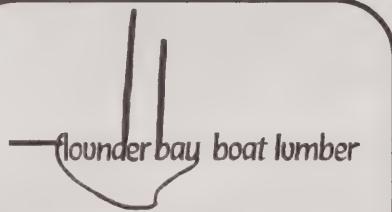


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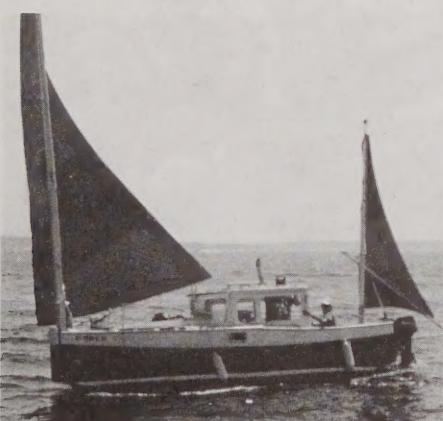
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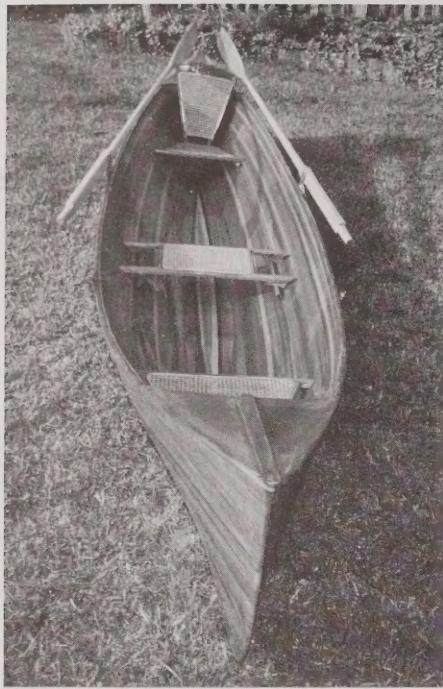
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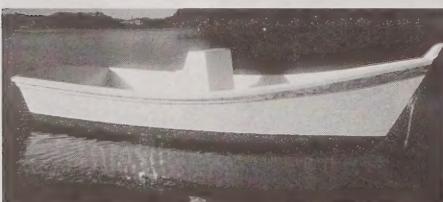


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CAROL DAVIS, Devon, England, <dddesigns@mailcity.com> (11)

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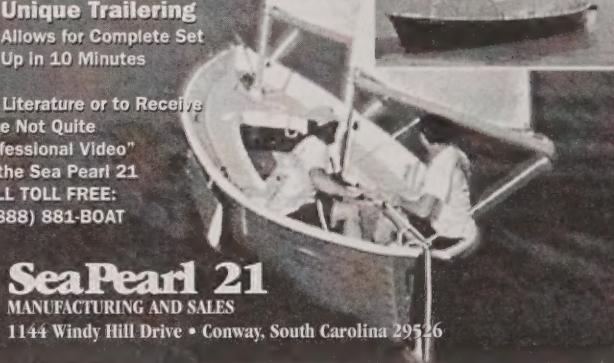
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